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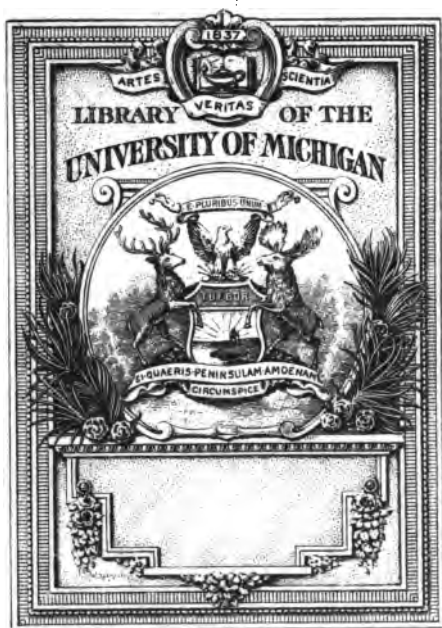
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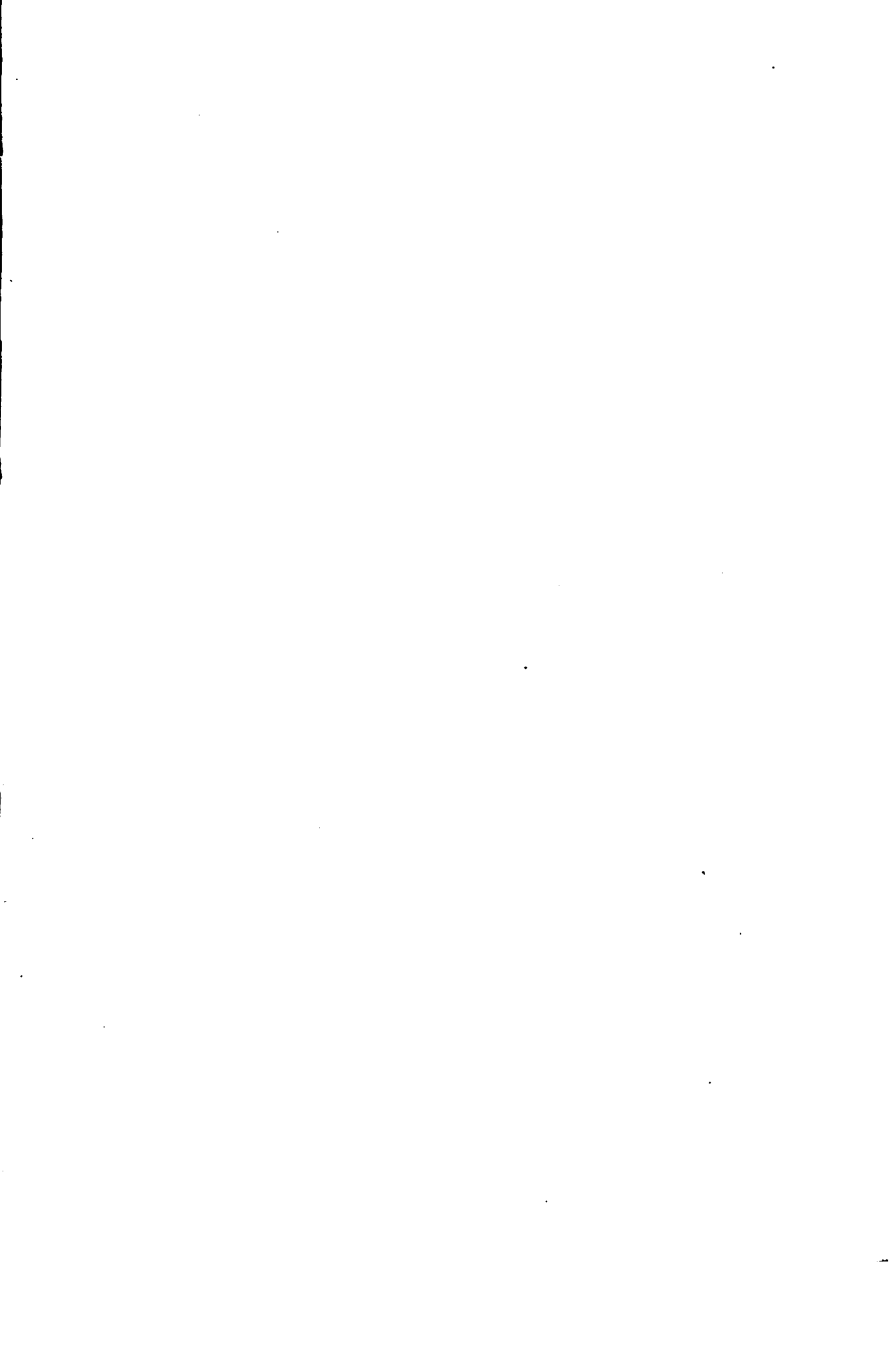
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THE HOLY CITY

The Holy City was first presented on Tuesday, March 31st, 1903, at the Collingwood Opera House, Poughkeepsie, New York.





MARY MAGDALENE

THE HOLY CITY

A Drama

by
THOMAS W. BROADHURST

With an Introductory Note by
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

ONE common response to an outcry against the degeneracy of the theatre, such as is often in our ears to-day, is the entrance into the field of stagecraft of the literary man with a mission. As a rule, his condescension goes unrewarded. Academic and studious, he knows neither his audience nor the tricks of the trade: the public is bored, the manager is disgusted, and the Philistine triumphs as before. If literature and the acted drama are to be joined in a more constant union, clearly this is not the destined agent. For at all periods when the drama has been at once a form of art and a part of the popular life, it has been written by men who were not above their business, who took pains to understand the practice of the profession of acting, and who had sympathy with at least part of their public. It is because the author of "The Holy City" fulfils these requirements, and at the same time betrays the

inspiration of a genuinely artistic aim, that I venture to speak the prologue to the present piece.

His success on the dramaturgic side need hardly be pointed out to any one who reads his play. In spite of the absolute familiarity of the theme, the element of suspense is so skilfully managed as to hold the interest powerfully throughout; and a really remarkable mastery of climax is apparent in the culminating situation at the end of each act. The hints as to grouping show that the author has honestly visualized each scene, with the result of suggesting a series of telling and appropriate settings for the dialogue, or even at times of indicating the action so effectively as to make the lines merely the rendering articulate of gesture and pose.

The figure of the Magdalen is, of course, the pivot of the whole drama. The structural symmetry depends on the balance of the earlier scenes showing her relations with Barabbas, against the later scenes when she is dominated by the force that brings about her conversion; and the transition and contrast are delicate and convincing. The significance of her change is

brought out not only by the difference between the passionate warmth of the first acts and the lofty spiritual elevation of the close, but also, and more subtly, by the change in the relative positions of Mary and her sister Martha, whose homely serviceableness is later thrown into the shade by the power that Mary achieves by virtue of her greater spiritual reach. Behind, and forming a background to these and the other main characters, move the two great opposing currents of Jewish and Roman life; and the treatment of these, though they are never obtruded, serves admirably to give color and atmosphere.

The dramatic presentation of such a subject as this inevitably brings up the question of its propriety. But it is surely by this time well agreed that this must always be a matter of method and spirit, and as to the fitness of these in the present instance there would seem to be no room for doubt. The marked reverence with which the language and personages of the Scripture narrative are handled is not merely negative, but is characterized and made possible by a genuine feeling for their religious significance; while the

blank verse, tinged throughout with the phrasing of Scripture, and rising at times to a fine eloquence, serves to bestow that touch of aloofness which is so essential in dealing with sacred associations, but which is so difficult of attainment in prose.

When a practical playwright is moved to devote his well-proved craftsmanship to the treatment of such a subject as this, and displays as well so strong a literary quality as we find here, no one interested in the future of the acted drama in America can withhold the sympathetic hearing which I bespeak for "The Holy City."

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON.

*Harvard University,
January, 1904.*

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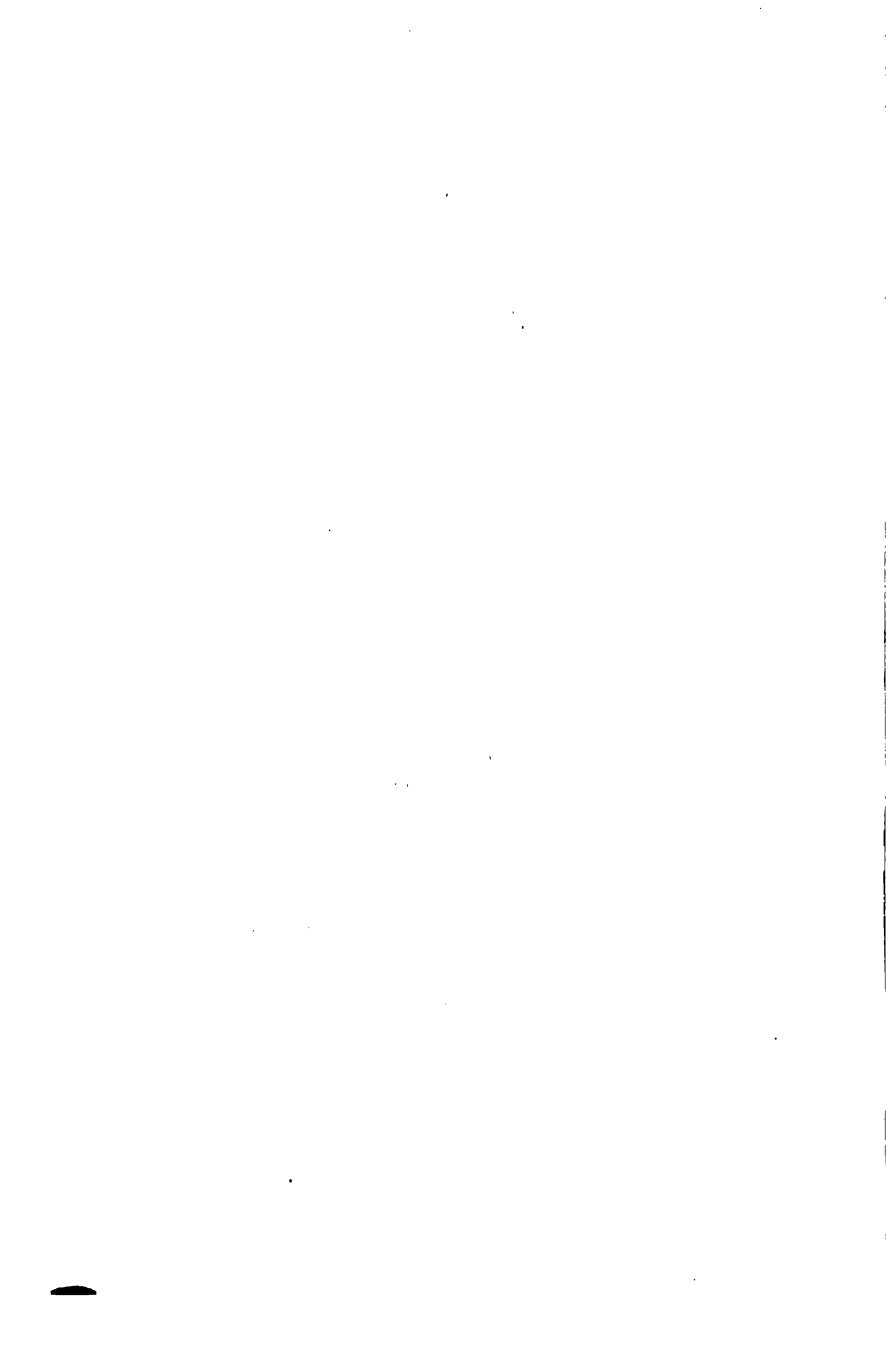
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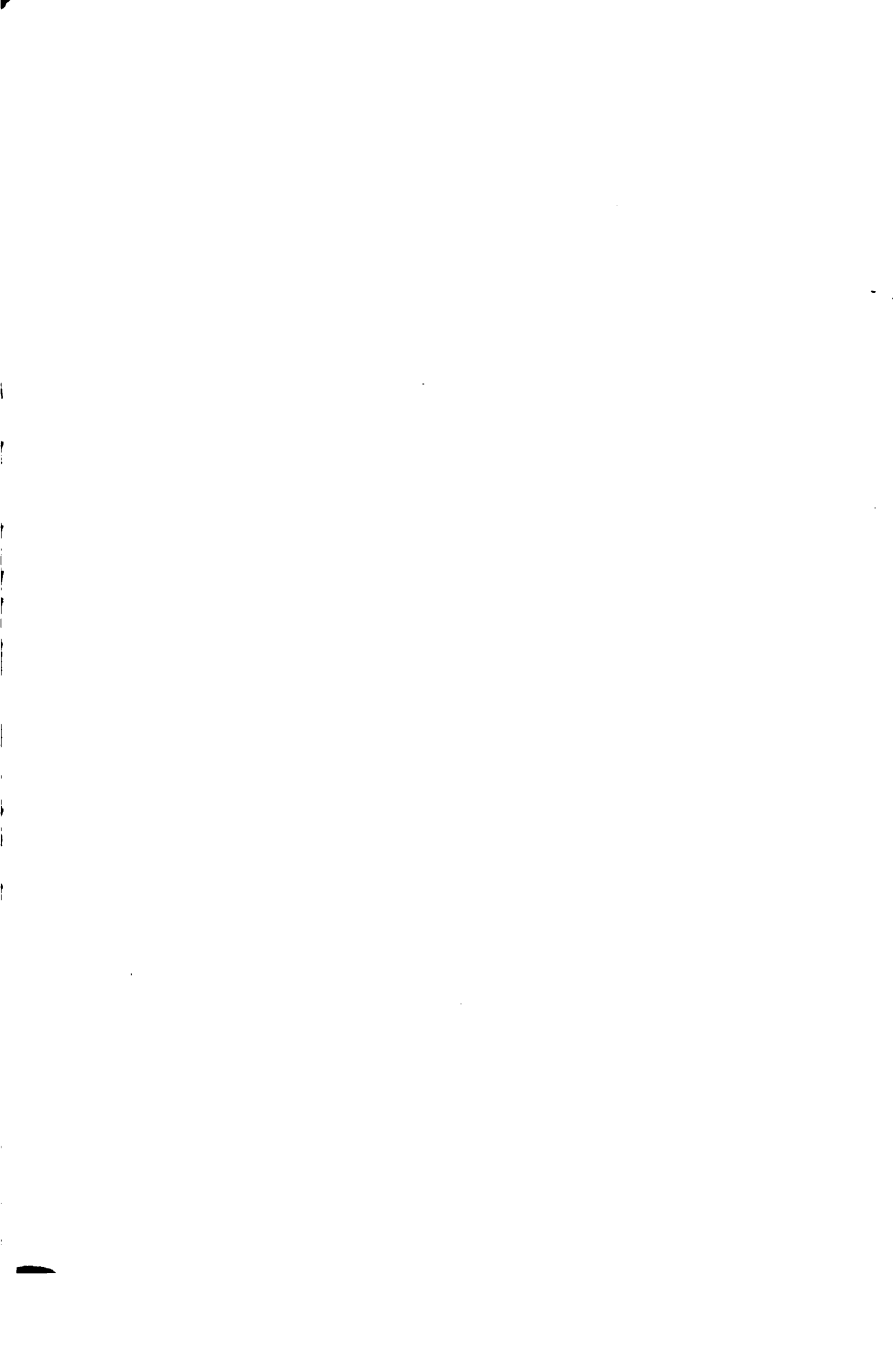
CHARACTERS

BARABBAS	.	.	.	<i>A Zealot.</i>
PETER	.	.	.	} <i>Disciples.</i>
JOHN	.	.	.	
JUDAS	.	.	.	
LAZARUS	.	.	.	
ZACHARIAS	.	.	.	<i>Brother to Mary.</i>
CALPHAS	.	.	.	<i>A Convert.</i>
HABAKKUK	.	.	.	<i>High Priest of Israel.</i>
MICAH	.	.	.	<i>A Priest.</i>
PILATE	.	.	.	<i>A young Jew.</i>
CALCHOL	.	.	.	<i>Procurator.</i>
MARCUS	.	.	.	<i>Centurion.</i>
SILENUS	.	.	.	<i>A soldier.</i>
MARY MAGDALENE	.	.	.	
MARTHA	.	.	.	<i>Sister to Mary.</i>
MIRIAM	.	.	.	<i>Grandchild to Zacharias.</i>
FLORA	.	.	.	} <i>Dancing Girls.</i>
SALOME	.	.	.	
HEBE	.	.	.	

Scribes, Pharisees, Soldiers, Citizens, Etc.



ACT I



The Holy City

ACT I

SCENE:—*The roof of MARY'S house at Magdala.*

At the back is a low parapet which extends also along the left side, dividing the roof. The parapet is broken in the left corner by an opening from which a flight of steps leads to the courtyard. In the upper right hand corner is a round tower with a doorway opening on the roof and hidden by a curtain. Over the parapet can be seen roofs of houses, etc., and, in the distance, the Sea of Galilee, breaking gently at the base of a group of jagged rocks. About the roof are scattered flowering plants, etc. Two vases stand on the back parapet against which is placed a

marble seat. In front, at the left, are a chair and a round table on which are drinking vessels and a dice box. On the right is a lounge placed diagonally from right to left. An awning affords shade from the afternoon sun. As the curtain rises sounds of music are heard and MICAH is discovered seated on the arm of the lounge playing a harp. He is a Jew, about twenty-two years old, slight in figure, and effeminate in speech and manner. His face is shaded with the first down of youth and his costume is partly Jewish and partly Roman. Seated in the chair is FLORA, a pretty little girl of eighteen. Her dress is of light blue gauzy material, draped after the Greek style, and her hair is dyed about the same shade as her dress. SALOME, slightly older, some-

what taller, and also pretty, is leaning against the parapet at the back. She wears a pink dress and her brown hair is crowned with a wreath of flowers. Other revelers, men and women, are grouped on the scene. MICAH stops playing when curtain is up—the others applaud.

FLORA. Here on the roof 'tis fresher than below.
Eh, Micah?

MICAH. [*Rises.*] True, my Flora. There,
perfume
Dulled the air and scents of meats and wines
made mock
Of appetite. Here, cool blows the breeze across
Blue Galilee.

FLORA. Didst note the guests? Herod—

MICAH. [*Interrupts.*] Did look with envy on
thy azure hair.

FLORA. Its color doth not hide the thefts of
years

As Herod's doth. All Palestine was there.

MICAH. Silenus failed to appear and he's not
wont

To leave a vacant couch and empty cup

When Mary bids him to a feast.

*[SILENUS appears at entrance, back, flushed
and puffing with exertion. He is forty-five
years old and slightly bald. His dull eyes,
bloated face, and heavy figure, indicate his
character. He is richly dressed and wears
a festal wreath.]*

SILENUS.

All hail!

*[All greet him with cries of "Silenus!
Silenus!" FLORA and SALOME drag him
on.]*

MICAH. See you, the word is one to conjure
with.

Cry "Feast" and lo, Silenus straight appears.

SILENUS. [*Anxiously.*] Am I too late?

MICAH. [*With mock solemnity.*] Thou art
too late. The feast

Is done.

[SILENUS *sighs despondently.*

MICAH. And such a feast. Mary herself
Surpassed. Cæsar could not have equalled it.
With wanton recklessness she spoiled the earth.
The eggs of herons,—

FLORA. Oysters,—

MICAH. Peacocks' tongues,—

FLORA. A boar, from the black forests of the
Gaul,—

MICAH. And roasted whole.

SALOME. Melons, from Alexandria.

MICAH. Olives, from Bethany.

FLORA. And grasshoppers—

MICAH. And wine,

Olympian Ganymede doth serve thy gods

[*During these speeches, SILENUS's face betrays his varying emotions. He looks from one to the other of the speakers. At the mention of wine, he licks his lips, etc. When MICAH stops speaking, SILENUS sinks into chair at right of table and groans. All laugh at him.*

SILENUS. [*Hoarsely.*] A drink! A drink! My lips are cracked. My throat's

As dry as stony Araby.

[Holds cup on table. FLORA fills it with water. SILENUS takes a mouthful and spits it out, etc.]

SILENUS. *[Disgustedly.]* Faugh! Water!
[All laugh at him.]

SILENUS. *[To FLORA.]* Wouldst poison me,
 thou Ate? Give me wine.

[FLORA gives him wine.]

SILENUS. *[Drains the cup.]* More. More wine.
[FLORA fills cup.]

MICAH. Why, thou sponge, thou —
[SILENUS motions MICAH to stop. Drains cup slowly and puts it down with a sigh of satisfaction.]

SILENUS. Ah!

MICAH. Tell us
 What weighty cause did make Silenus miss
 The feast.

SILENUS. *[Confidentially.]* 'Twas Herod.

ALL. [*Amused.*] Herod?

SILENUS. [*Pompously.*] Aye, 'twas Herod!
He sent for me—on business of the state.

MICAH. Ah me! The cares of state weigh
heavily
Upon—thy altitudinous paunch.

SILENUS. [*Sighs and pats his stomach.*] Ah!

MICAH. And how long since the Tetrarch let
thee go?

SILENUS. But now. Scarce half an hour has
passed since then.

MICAH. My friend, thou liest—worse than any
man

In Magdala. Herod was at the feast.

SILENUS. Was he?

MICAH. He was.

SILENUS. And doth Herodias know?

FLORA. Silenus, why that question ask? Thou
knowest

A husband keeps naught secret from his wife.

MICAH. The truth, Silenus. 'Twas thy gentle
spouse

Who would not let thee come, and thou hast stolen
Away from her.

SILENUS. 'Tis true. She doth not love
The Magdalen.

MICAH. What honest woman would,
Who has a husband—handsome as Silenus?

SILENUS. The gracious gods are sparing of
their gifts.

FLORA. Alas! 'Tis true. To Micah they gave
beauty,
To thee—

SILENUS. My thirst! Fill up the cup.
I parch.

[FLORA fills cup. SILENUS drinks.]

SILENUS. 'Twas yesterday that Herod sent for
me.

MICAH. On business of the state again? Per-
chance

'Twas of Barabbas that ye talked. The Jew
Who sets at naught the power of Rome and
laughs

At all her legionaries.

SILENUS. He is a thief,
Barabbas is—a thief—a common robber.

MICAH. The captain of a patriotic band,
Silenus. One who ne'er will bow the knee
Before the eagles of Imperial Rome.
A chieftain, he, who like a whirlwind strikes,
Then vanishes as doth a summer cloud.
Beyond the Jordan yesterday he took
A Roman caravan; struck down a legion;
And now —

SILENUS. [*Interrupts.*] He's skulking in
his lair. He hides
As doth the jackal when the lion's near.

MICAH. He walks Jerusalem in open day,
Or, mayhap, Magdala.

SILENUS. He would not dare.

MICAH. If rumor hath no lying tongue, there's
naught
Barabbas would not dare.

FLORA. It may be he's
That stranger, who, of late, with mystery comes
To visit Mary.

SILENUS. Ha! What like is he?

FLORA. Swart-skinned and eagle-eyed, with
hair that glints
Dull copper in the sun.

SILENUS. Then he is *not*
Barabbas.

MICAH. No? Perchance thou knowest him.

SILENUS. The gods forbid! 'Tis said his face
is monstrous;
His form is satyr-like.

MICAH. [*Laughs.*] A tale, my friend,
Brought by some Roman whom Barabbas hath,
Through pity, allowed to escape his dreaded
sword.

Silenus, this Barabbas is a prince
Of Israel. Beloved of all is he—

[*Stops abruptly.*]

SILENUS. 'Twould seem Barabbas is a friend
of thine.

MICAH. [*Angry at having betrayed himself.*]
Mine, only as he's friend of all my race.
I tell but what is known to every Jew.

SILENUS. [*Watching MICAH.*] Herod hath set
a price upon his head.

MICAH. Not all the wealth of Rome could
tempt a Jew
Betray Barabbas. He—

FLORA. [*Covers her ears.*] Peace! Peace,
ye two!

Is this the Senate or the Sanhedrim

That 'bout Barabbas ye should squabble thus?

[Pulls SILENUS's ears.

Smile, satyr, smile on me.

[SILENUS leers at her.

FLORA. Ye gods! I swoon.

[Salutes SILENUS mockingly.

Silenus, pardon. Satyr thou art not

But Leto's darling son.

SILENUS. *[Chases FLORA and catches her.*

A kiss, thou Circe.

FLORA. Kiss thee! What for?

SILENUS. For pleasure.

FLORA. Thine or mine?

SILENUS. Both thine and mine.

FLORA. Silenus, peace! I fear

The pleasure would be wholly thine.

*[SILENUS sits with FLORA on his knee. Tries
to kiss her.*

FLORA. [*Interrupts.*] Mary! Mary! Always Mary!

'Tis Mary saith *thus* and Mary doth *so*.

Holds not the world another one as fair ?

SILENUS. Thyself perhaps ?

FLORA. Myself! Have I not eyes

To see, two lips to kiss, a tongue —

MICAH. [*Interrupts.*] To scold.

FLORA. Thy tongue is ever forward, Micah.

Jews

I like not. They're o'er-fond of their shekels.

SILENUS. A hit, O Israel, by all the gods!

FLORA. [*Back of SILENUS. Smooths his hair.*

At the same time mocks him.] The noble,

generous Roman wins my love.

Silenus, drink to me. [*Hands him cup.*

[*BARABBAS appears at stairway, unseen by the other characters. His age is about thirty-five, his hair and beard are a reddish brown and his eyes black. He wears a Jewish robe of dark blue cloth, confined*

at the waist by a brilliantly striped sash which holds his sword and dagger. Over this a cloak is draped and around his head is a scarf of the same material as the sash, the whole forming a striking and picturesque costume. His tall, somewhat spare and sinewy figure, his free stride and his bronzed face, are eloquent of the desert. His alert movements and comprehensive glance bespeak the man accustomed to command. He gives a look of contempt at the assembled company and is about to withdraw when SILENUS's pledge arrests him.

SILENUS. To thee, my Hebe?

Nay, I drink only to thy mistress. Hers

The name I pledge. To Mary —

[SILENUS holds the cup in his right hand.
*Before he can finish, BARABBAS comes down
and takes him by the wrist.*

MICAH. [*Recognizes BARABBAS—aside.*

Barabbas!

BARABBAS. That name pollute not with thy
wine-thick tongue,

Thou libertine.

SILENUS. And who art thou?

BARABBAS. I am —

A Jew.

[*Throws SILENUS'S hand from him.*

SILENUS. Thy manners might so much have
told.

The Jew was ever a barbarian.

BARABBAS. God of our father Abraham, how
long

Must we, thy people, bow the neck beneath
The oppressor's yoke? How long, O Lord,
must we

Endure the ravings of this wolf of Rome?

[To SILENUS.] Barbarian! To me, whose race
doth boast

Of warrior, poet, priest, and lawgiver,
Whose wisdom and whose glory reach the
wide

Earth's bounds. Thou thing of yesterday! Ages
before

The walls of thy seven-mounded city rose,
Long ere the Greek in marble wrought his dream
And called it Athens, Israel's sons did build
Their city aureate, shrine of their God,
Home of their law and race. Dead Thebes,
proud city

Of the hundred gates, was her contemporary
And still Jerusalem is. A thousand years
Before their wolfy foster-mother suckled
The founders of thy race, my ancestors
Were kings; and I—I am a Jew.

SILENUS.

Thy race

And city shall be dead as Thebes ere many moons,
While mine shall flourish.

BARABBAS. My race and city die,
Thou dotard! When thy Imperial Rome
Shall be the jackal's lair, a spot all desolate,
Of God accursed and by man forgot,
Jerusalem shall sit serene upon her hills
And point her gold-topped temple to the sky.
When thou and all thy misbegotten brood
In black oblivion's deep shall be engulfed,
My race and I shall live, and Israel rule
The world. [*Fills cup.*] A pledge! The Jew,
chosen of God!

Before his banner may the Roman eagles fall,
As falls the desert palm when the fierce sirocco's
blast

Hurls devastation 'cross the shuddering plain:
And prostrate fall—to rise again no more.

[ALL *hesitate.*

SILENUS. 'Tis treason!

BARABBAS. [*With contempt and sarcasm.*

Cravens! Ah! I did forget

Tiberias and her dungeons are full near.

[*Is about to replace cup on table. Pauses.*

A toast that all may drink! Roman and Jew!

To one, fairer than Bethsaba for whom

Gread David sinned; prouder than Sheba's queen

Who conquered Solomon. Within her hair

The sun hath woven a golden net to catch

The hearts of men. Her voice makes sweeter
music

Than summer wind sings to the ravished palm;

Her lips have stolen their crimson from the heart

Of luscious-blooded pomegranate. Her teeth

Are little pearls, her brow is ivory.

Upon her cheek's the shimmering sunset's flush

And in her eyes, the soft gray dawn. I pledge

The Magdalen.

[SLAVE appears at doorway of tower, draws aside the curtain, and, as BARABBAS ends his speech, MARY enters. Of medium height, her figure is moulded on voluptuous lines. Her beautiful hair is gathered in a coil secured with gemmed pins and topped with a diamond star. From a bandeau across her forehead hangs a row of pear-shaped pearls. Her dress indicates her artistic sense and her disregard of convention. It is of soft, clinging stuff, scarlet in color, embroidered with gold and jewels, cut low in the neck and apparently held up by a single jeweled strap over her left shoulder, thus leaving practically unbroken the graceful line of neck and arm. From beneath the gown peep Roman shoes of gilt leather sparkling with gems. Her left arm is bare. On her right, from a jeweled band above

the elbow to another at the wrist, hang strings of pearls and her fingers and right thumb are decked with rings. A diamond girdle, with a clasp of emeralds, circles her waist and a broad strap of the same gems is pendant, almost touching the ground. MARY starts on seeing BARABBAS, but does not betray her surprise. Apparently she is in good spirits and she greets the party with a jest.

ALL. Mary! Mary! All hail!

MARY. Cry not your homage from the house-tops, friends.

Herodias' ears spread wide. Should they but catch

A whisper of your worship,—well, a woman, Jealous, stops at no revenge.

MICAH.

Fearest thou

Herodias, Mary?

MARY.

Micah, gaze on me.

Seest thou not fear writ large upon my brow;
Black dread within mine eyes? Note how I
tremble when
I hear her name.

SILENUS.

She loves thee not.

MARY. [*With a mocking sigh.*] Alas, 'tis
true!

Were I the Tetrarch's wife and knew my lack
Of beauty and of wit, the Magdalen,
I trow, would little get of love from me.

[*MARY lies on lounge. BARABBAS arranges
her robe. SLAVE stands at foot of lounge,
with fan.*]

MARY. [*Apart to BARABBAS.*] Beware Silenus!

BARABBAS [*With a shrug of contempt.*] Beast!
I fear him not.

MARY. Silenus, friends were calling thee.
The feast

Was dull, lacking thy presence—and thy tongue.

MICAH. His loving wife, with soft-compelling arms,

Detained him.

SILENUS. Partly it was my wife. Chiefly
This vagrom Nazarene. His followers
So thronged the way, my litter could not pass.
They hail Him as Messias.

MICAH. Messias!

Can any good come out of Nazareth?

SILENUS. Israel must answer that, not I. The
man

Grows dangerous to the state. Herod doth fear
Him.

BARABBAS. He e'er was lily-livered, was this
Herod.

No cause hath he to fear the Nazarene.

MARY. [*To BARABBAS.*] Knowest thou the
man?

BARABBAS. I once did know Him well.

As boys we played together on the hills,
Dipped in the self-same brook, tended the sheep
Thro' winter's storms and quivering summer
 noons.

A tender shepherd, He. Oft in the silent night
His voice I've heard calling the wandering lamb,
Which caught, His arms would bear back to the
 fold.

All gentle things did love Him and He them.
There was a wondrous magic in His touch.
Once, when in wanton sport I hurled a stone
And struck a snow-white dove, with tear-filled
 eyes

And tender hand He touched the broken wing
Which straight was healed.

FLORA. 'Tis said He hath to-day
That self-same gift ; that with a touch He heals
The hopeless sick and e'en can raise the dead.

[General chorus of incredulity.]

MICAH. *[Jestingly.]* 'Tis said He will be king
of Israel.

SILENUS. What? King, sayest thou?

*[JUDAS enters by the stairway and crosses
toward MARY. He is of medium height,
spare almost to meagreness, and walks
with a slight stoop. His long hair is
rusty-red, as are also his straggly beard
and moustache. His eyes are greenish
and his mouth weak rather than wicked.
The color of his dress is dirty yellow.]*

MICAH. Not I. But here is one
Can tell. Iscariot. A chosen one.

[Stops JUDAS, who shows a desire to escape.]
Fear not, man. Here is neither Herod nor
Stern Caiaphas.

MARY. *[To JUDAS.]* Followest thou this
Nazarene?

[JUDAS *hesitates*.

MICAH. Deny it not. I've seen thee in His
train.

JUDAS. And if I do, what then?

SILENUS. 'Twere best to seek
Another master. The Nazarene is doomed.
Herod will drive Him forth from Galilee.

MICAH. And in Judea waits fierce Caiaphas.

JUDAS. Nor priest nor Tetrarch fears the
Nazarene.

The lightnings and the winds are at His call
To blast His foes and sweep them from His
path.

[*All laugh but MARY, who seems impressed.*

JUDAS. Aye, laugh an ye will! Laugh! But
what is said

Is true. Ere long ye'll see the Nazarene
The king of Israel. Twelve thrones He will
set up

Over the tribes and —

[Stops suddenly.]

BARABBAS. *[Sarcastically.]* One of them
will fall

To thee, Judas of Kerioth. There lies
The loadstone of thy love, thou fool.

MICAH. *[Mocking him.]* Which one,
O Judas, wilt thou take? Shall it be Dan,
Or Reuben, or young Benjamin? Perchance
Thou wouldst prefer to sit on Judah's throne?

[Takes wreath from SILENUS and crowns

JUDAS.

Behold Prince Judas of Jerusalem!

[Laughter and mock salutations by all but

MARY and BARABBAS. JUDAS throws down
the wreath and turns away. SILENUS picks
it up and places it on his own head.

MARY. Peace, Micah! Bait him not. Thou'rt
ever forward

With thy jests.

BARABBAS. [*To MARY.*] Hast thou seen this
Nazarene?

MARY. I know not. But one night I saw, or
dreamed

I saw, I know not which, a miracle
Most wonderful. If 'tis as Judas saith,
This Nazarene can call upon the winds
Of heaven, and that they heed His call, and that
I did not dream, then have I surely seen Him.

MICAH. Thy prelude hath as many "ifs" as
Joseph's coat

Had colors.

SILENUS. [*To MICAH.*] Silence, babbler! [*To
MARY.*] Tell thy tale.

MARY. 'Twas on a sultry summer night. My
soul

Surcharged was with thoughts of other days,—
Of days when as a gentle child I strayed

By Jordan's banks and plucked the lilies fair,
No whiter than my virgin soul.

[SILENUS *chuckles with drunken contempt.*

MARY.

Silenus,

To Mary, even, will such fancies come,
Unbidden and unwelcome guests. My heart
Would not be stilled. My couch had thorns for
down

And gentle sleep refused her offices;
So to the roof I came, where raged a storm
That matched the equal tempest in my breast.
Low in the western sky the red moon hung.
Across her face the howling wind did drive
The fugitive clouds, as drives a conquering foe
His erstwhile opponent. Fierce lightnings tore
The quivering heavens apart and forth was
hurled

The riving thunderbolt to pierce the shuddering
earth.

The sea with anger roared and chafed his confines,
Where black rocks gleamed, like fangs i' the
 yawning mouth of hell.

The lightning's flash revealed a little boat,
Her crew in helpless terror gathered round
A sleeping figure in the hinder part.

The prey of vengeful wind and ravening sea,
The hand of God alone could save her. And
To me it seemed that boat were my own soul,
Doomed to Gehenna's pit, sans grace, sans hope,
And in my agony I shrieked a prayer.

When, lo, as if in answer to my cry,
Methought I saw that sleeping figure rise,
Serene amid the clashing elements,
And with a gesture of command put forth
His hand. Instant the servile sea grew calm;
The thunder rolled no more; the lightning
 ceased;

Th' obedient wind was hushed, and on its last

Expiring breath was borne the message, "Peace,
Be still." The tumult in my soul was quelled.

My heart in wonder spoke: "What man is this
That even the winds and sea obey him?"

*[Throws off the mood. Rises, walks about
with gestures of impatience.]*

Wine,
Girl! Wine, that glads the heart of man! That
bathes
His soul in Lethe's stream and brings him—
peace.

[Raises cup to lips but does not drink.]

I know not why that dream should trouble me.

JUDAS. Thou didst not dream! For I was in
that boat.

ALL. Thou!

JUDAS. I! The Nazarene did still the tempest.
What think ye now? Can He work miracles?
He is Messias.

[MARY *impressed.* Others *incredulous.*

BARABBAS *shows impatience.* SILENUS
asleep, nodding in chair.

BARABBAS. And will be king and thou
A prince. Go to!

MARY. [*Recklessly.*] Prince of Jerusalem!
Silenus, wake, and pledge Prince Judas.

SILENUS. [*Wakes with a start and drinks me-
chanically.*] Prince!
Prince Judas! What! 'Tis treason! Treason to
Rome!

MICAH. And thou, Silenus, traitor. Thou art
caught.
Of this shall Cæsar learn.

[*All laugh.*

JUDAS. Ye fools and scoffers,
My day shall come! Next Passover will
find
Him at Jerusalem. Then shall ye see.

SILENUS. [*Stupidly.*] Then shall we see.

JUDAS. In Galilee, yea, in
Jerusalem itself, His followers are,
And countless as the sands upon the shore.

[*To MARY.*

Thy sister and thy brother are among them.

MARY. [*Fiercely.*] Martha and Lazarus are
naught to thee, —

JUDAS. [*Interrupts.*] I come to say that
Lazarus is sick.

MARY. Is sick! My gentle brother, Lazarus!

JUDAS. Sick unto death.

MARY. [*Drops cup.*] To death!

JUDAS. So came the word to-day.

MICAH. [*Calls after JUDAS.*] When to Jeru-
salem thou goest, sell then

Thy Master to the high priest, Caiaphas.

He'll give thy price, and 'twill be better
thus

For thee, than waiting for thy promised prince-
dom.

[*Exit* JUDAS.]

MARY. [*Murmurs.*] And Lazarus is sick!

MICAH. [*Soberly.*] And yet He's wise,
This Nazarene. Shrewd Caiaphas hath vainly
tried

To trap Him.

FLORA. Why doth the priest so hate Him?

MICAH. He preacheth a new faith and a new
law.

His voice is all for mercy. Yesterday —

[*Slaps* SILENUS *on back.*]

Silenus, wake. This story is for thee.

But yesterday they brought to him a woman
In hot adultery ta'en.

SILENUS. [*With a drunken leer.*] A wanton,
like

Thyself, O Magdalen.

BARABBAS. [*Starts for SILENUS.*] Thou Roman
beast,—

MARY. [*Stops BARABBAS.*] Peace! Peace!
Silenus speaks but truth. I wear

The scarlet livery of sin.

BARABBAS. But Mary —

MARY. [*Interrupts.*] 'Tis women like myself
who rule the world.

We smile and at our feet are slaves who kiss
Our garment's hem. Where we appear we van-
quish.

Men die and women weep because of us.
For fair Delilah's amorous lips and eyes
The mighty Samson paid with strength and life;
For beauteous Helen's face high Ilium fell
And proud Andromache wept bitter tears;
In Cleopatra's swarthy arms great Antony lost,
And deemed well lost, the empery of the world.
Into the wanton's lap the whole earth pours

Its wealth of gold and gems and all things beautiful,
 In never-ending stream. She's drunk with power.

Her foot is on the neck of the universe.
 For, call her by what name ye may,—Helen,

Delilah, Egypt, Mary,—the scarlet woman
 Is conqueror still. [*Aside.*] But, oh! the price
 we pay!

The price—our very souls.—Thy story, Micah.

MICAH. They brought the woman to Him and
 they said,

“'Tis Moses' law that such should stoned be.

What sayest thou?”

MARY. What answer made He them?

MICAH. He said, “Let him among you without sin

The first stone cast at her.”

MARY. Dost hear, Silenus?

“Let him among you without sin.” How well

He knows thy sex. [To MICAH.] Did one
among them dare ?

MICAH. Not one.

MARY. The dogs! I know them—whited
tombs,

All fair without, within unclean. Lip servers.
Smug hypocrites. They make us what we are
And then would stone us. The woman, what
of her ?

MICAH. To her He answer made and said, “Go
thou,
And sin no more.”

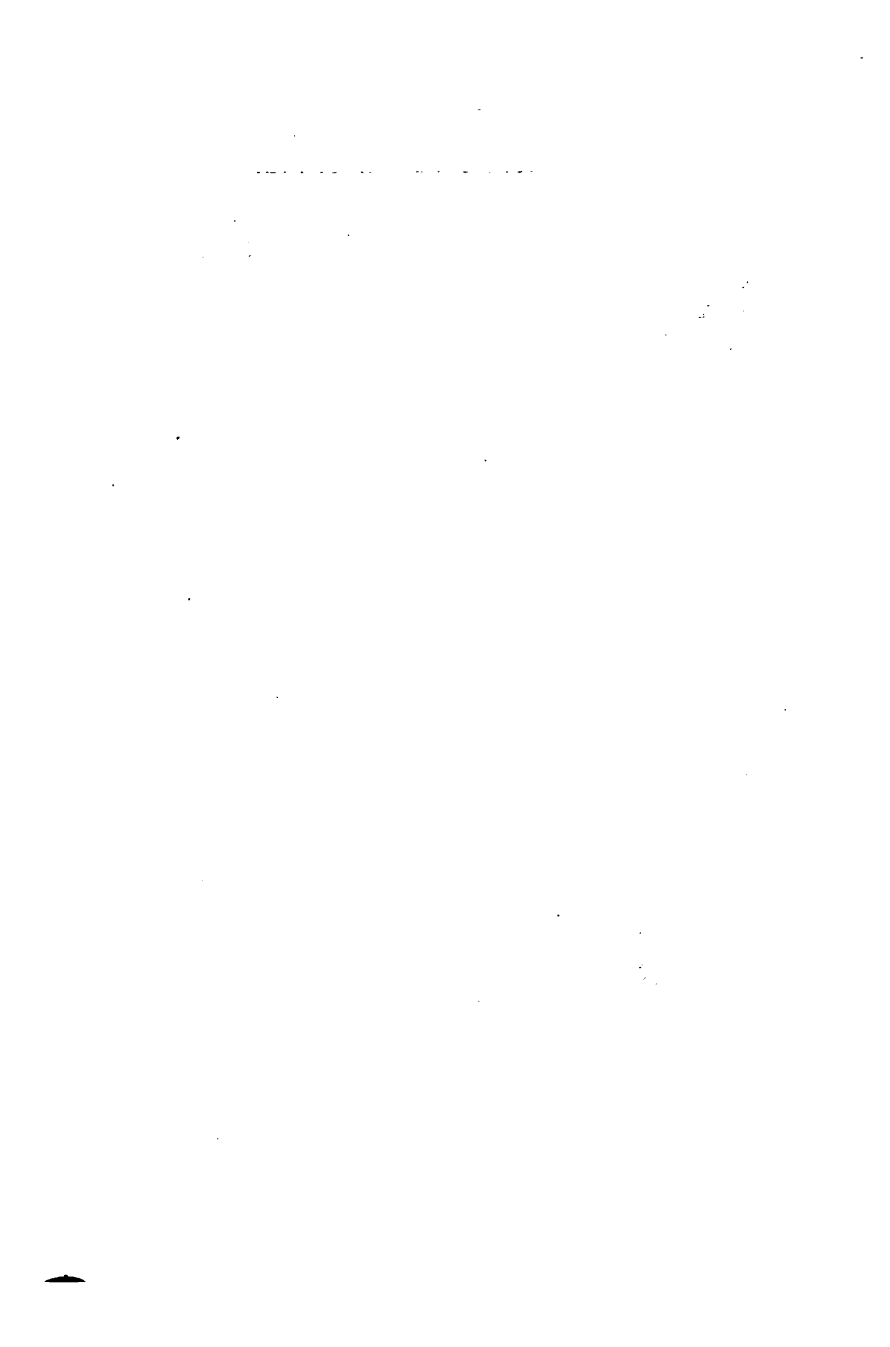
MARY. “Go thou, and sin no more.”
He knoweth woman too, this Nazarene.
That word hath bound her soul to Him for aye.

[With forced gaiety.]

Why waste we fleeting hours in dull discourse
Upon this man of Galilee. For us
The cup, and music, life and love. A dance!



THE DANCE



A dance! Bid music sound.

[*After dance, FLORA and SALOME run SILENUS off left, followed by all except BARABBAS and MARY. MARY motions slave to retire.*]

MARY. Barabbas!

BARABBAS. [*Back at parapet.*] Well?

MARY. Why didst thou come to-day?

BARABBAS. [*With veiled sarcasm.*] The Magdalen's doors ope wide and all the world Does homage at her shrine, and all the world Is welcome. Shall Barabbas be denied The common liberty? [*Sits on bench.*]

MARY. [*Goes to him.*] Thou knowest well I could not speak to thee before. Silenus Was not so drunk as he did counterfeit. Should he discover who thou art—thy life Would be the forfeit.

BARABBAS. A man can die but once.

MARY. Be gentle with me, Barabbas. To-day

I'm not myself. I dread I know not what.
A thousand gusts of passion stir my soul,
As stirs the wanton wind yon Galilee.

[Rises and paces about.]

Red Judas, curses on his evil face,
Must bring me word that Lazarus is sick.
Then Micah with his tale must memories
Recall.

[Lies on lounge.]

They would have stoned me but for thee.

BARABBAS. Perhaps.

MARY. Be not so cold. Come, sit thee
here, —

Here at my side.

*[BARABBAS at first refuses the invitation, but
finally yields to MARY's solicitations and
sits on lounge.]*

MARY. Hast thou forgot that day,
Barabbas, the day when first we met?

BARABBAS.

I well

Remember it.

MARY. I see them now, a pack
Of jackals yelping 'round their prey. No hope
For me, when, like a lion came Barabbas
And I was saved. My heart went out to thee
That day.

BARABBAS. And from that day my soul
has been

In hell,—hell of desire for thee. To touch
Thy hand, to sense the perfume of thy hair,
The rose-sweet fragrance of thy breath, to gaze
Upon the scarlet wonder of thy mouth,
My life, my hopes, my cause, my everything,
I've counted naught. In the lone camp-fire have
I seen
Thy face. 'Mid the fierce battle's crash thine eyes
Have lighted me to victory. Above
The busy hum of cities have I heard

The music of thy voice. In starlit desert nights
The whispering wind hath soothed me into dreams
With murmur of thy name, "Mary, Mary." —

*[During the speech MARY responds to BARAB-
BAS'S advances and he is about to take her
in his arms, when she smiles triumphantly
and he tears himself away.]*

MARY. Barabbas, stay! I love thee.

BARABBAS. Me!

MARY. And thou,

Thou lovest me not.

BARABBAS. Not love thee! I adore thee!

Thee only in this universe I want.

My soul is sick with longing for thy kiss.

Let my hot lips make havoc of thy mouth.

[They embrace.]

MARY. How long I've waited for that kiss.

Once more

Thy lips.



"ONCE MORE THY LIPS"



BARABBAS. Thy kiss is custom-staled.

[Throws her from him.]

MARY.

No! No!

My lips, my soul, myself, are wholly thine.
Place thus thy hand upon my throbbing heart.
How like a prisoned thing it beats 'gainst its
Confining bars and seeks to join thine own.

BARABBAS. Me only dost thou love?

MARY.

Thee, only thee!

Since first I looked into thine eyes and clasped
Thy hand, thy brave, strong hand, whose touch
doth send

The blood hot-coursing thro' my swelling veins,
My one desire hath been to lie upon thy breast;
To melt into the circling rapture of thine arms.
Kiss me again, my lord, my life, my king.

BARABBAS. My rose of Sharon! This is
perfect joy.

And thou wilt be my wife?

MARY. [*In wonder.*] Thy wife?

BARABBAS. My wife,

My queen! 'Tis little I can offer thee:

A tent for shelter from the too rude blast

And scorching sun; for food, a date; for drink,

A draught of water from some bubbling spring.

A desert home, but love shall make it rich.

At noon we'll rest in some green oasis

And 'neath the feathery palm-tree's shade —

MARY. [*Who has been listening with growing wonder, rises.*]

No! No!

BARABBAS. Thou lovest me not!

MARY. [*Clings to him.*] Indeed, indeed, I love thee.

See how I tremble at thy touch.

BARABBAS. Away!

MARY. With all my soul I love thee.

BARABBAS. Wilt thou wed me?

MARY. [*Pleads.*] Barabbas!

BARABBAS. God of Abram, can it be
My father's son has lived to see this day!
A wanton's wanton wouldst thou make of me.

[*MARY covers her face. BARABBAS pulls away
her hands.*

Here! Let me gaze once more into thine
eyes,
Thine eyes, that drag men's souls to the lurid
brink
Of hell.

MARY. Barabbas, hear me! Listen! I—

BARABBAS. [*Interrupts.*] Wilt be my wife?

MARY. [*Breaks from him.*] No! I will not
be thy wife.

BARABBAS. God!

MARY. Look 'round thee. Here thou wilt find
power, pomp
And luxury,—all that the heart desires.

Swart Afric's gold, the rich East's gems, are
mine.

See, thus I toss them to my slaves.

*[With a superb gesture she tears off rings
and throws them over the parapet.]*

My form's

In Tyrian purple clad. I sleep on down.

My feasts outrival Cæsar's. And thou'lt provide

For food, a date; for couch, the burning sand.

Would'st know the men who're at my feet?

Name all

The great in Palestine. Proud Pilate's mine.

The Tetrarch does my will. Imperial Rome

Himself shall be my slave. Tiberius

Shall build for me a palace on the Tiber's bank,

Where all the world shall worship me. And

thou

Dost offer me, a desert home. A tent

For shelter.

[BARABBAS, *with a hoarse cry of rage, draws his dagger.*

MARY. [*Offers her breast.*] Strike! Strike
an thou wilt. My heart
Is but thy dagger's length away. Perchance
Thou'lt reach it thus.

BARABBAS. [*Rage and desire struggle in his face. His hand slowly drops.*] Thou
wanton!

MARY. Wanton I am
And wanton will remain, till creeping age
Doth stale my charms, cool my hot blood, make
hollows
Of mine eyes, and steal the flushes from my
cheeks.

BARABBAS. [*Sheaths dagger and goes to exit, back.*] I'll never look upon thy face
again.

MARY. [*With back to him, waves hand.*]

Farewell, Barabbas. But thou wilt come back.

[Exit BARABBAS.]

MARY. [*Stands for a moment, a scornful smile on her face, which gradually softens.*] Tomorrow, he'll return and then —

[*Sits on lounge. Murmur of crowd heard.*]

MARY. Barabbas! He is caught!

[*Rushes to parapet and looks into street.*]

MICAH *enters from left.*

MICAH. What noise was that?

MARY. I know not and I care not, since 'tis not

Barabbas.

MICAH. [*Goes to parapet.*] 'Tis the Nazarene!

MARY. Which one is He?

MICAH. The tall one with the long white robe. [*Touches vase.*]

MARY. Be careful of that jar, my friend. 'Tis
easily

O'erthrown. [*Looks into street.*] There's some-
thing king-like in His form.

Mark how the throng press round Him.

PETER. [*Below, in street.*] Woman, back,
And touch Him not.

[*Crowd murmurs.*]

MARY. Look, Micah! See, He calls
One to Him!

MICAH. Hagar, widowed and lame. Oft
Have I given her alms.

MARY. He toucheth her.
She throws away her crutch.

HAGAR. [*Below in street.*] I walk! I leap!
To God on high the praise!

[*Acclamations from crowd.*]

MARY. A miracle!
The lame can walk.

[Looks intently into street. Woman's sobs heard and low murmur of crowd.]

MICAH. And now He speaks to her.

What saith He, Mary ?

MARY. *[Repeats words.]* "Only believe,
and tho'

Thy sins be scarlet, I will wash them white
As snow." *[Starts back from parapet.]* Didst
note that glance? 'Twas meant for me.
"Only believe and tho' thy sins be scarlet."

He saw my robe.

MICAH. Nor robe nor thee He saw.

[MARY sits on lounge. MICAH in chair watches her with a smile.]

MARY. His face is godlike and His form
divine;

His voice, soft as a cooing dove's. And yet
There is a something in its tones doth stir

The deeps within me. "Tho' thy sins be scarlet" —

[SILENUS, FLORA, SALOME, *and others enter from left. All watch MARY who does not notice them.*

MARY. His eyes are mirrors of the infinite.
The sorrow and the suffering of all time
Are in their wondrous depths.

[MARY *goes back to parapet, stands with her right hand on vase, looking earnestly into the street.*

MICAH. [*Whispers.*] She's thinking of her sins.

[*All laugh silently. SILENUS takes FLORA and SALOME each by an arm and they cross to MARY with exaggerated caution, then laugh loudly. MARY starts at the laugh and knocks the vase from the parapet into the street. She screams. An in-*

*stant's pause, then a roar from the crowd,
punctuated with cries of*

"She threw it!"

"The harlot!"

"Stone her!"

"Tear down her house!"

[Crowd rushes on, back, followed by PETER and JOHN. PETER is a sturdily-built man of about forty, with short, iron-gray beard and hair, both inclined to curl. His dress is of dark-brown cloth. JOHN is slender and youthful-looking, about twenty-five years old, gentle of face and voice. He is dressed in dark gray. From this time the scene grows gradually darker.]

PETER. *[Comes forward.]* Back! Back!
Leave her to me.

MARY.

It fell! It fell!

WOMAN. She lies. The harlot threw it at the Master.

[*Crowd starts toward MARY. JOHN intercepts them.*]

JOHN. My brethren, peace.

PETER. Where is the man was struck?

[*Crowd opens up and discloses man with face cut. MARY shows horror, etc.*]

PETER. 'Tis thy work, wanton.

MARY. No. I threw it not.

It fell. [*To man.*] Take this and this and this —

[*Gives him jewels. Crowd shows approval.*]

PETER. Unclean! Unclean! The scarlet woman's spoils.

They're stained with tears and blood of souls.

Their touch

Pollution is.

[*Man slowly drops jewels. Crowd threatens*

MARY.

PETER. Woe unto thee! Woe! Woe!
Thy beauty hast thou made a snare to men
And an abomination before God.

MARY. Who dares to judge me thus?

PETER. I, Simon Peter,
Chief follower of the Nazarene.

MARY. Art thou
Then sinless? Think of thy Master's words.

PETER. Breathe not
His name, thou wicked one. Repent thee, ere
It be too late. Repent, ere thou become
Anathema. Repent, and God's dread vengeance thou
Mayst yet escape and save thy soul from
hell.

[*Crowd approves.*]

MARY. [*With scorn.*] Thou'rt no true follower of the Nazarene.
He bears a gentler message. Go!

[MARY *turns from him.* PETER, JOHN, and
crowd start to go.

PETER. [Stops.] Beware!
The hand of God's already laid on thee;
Thy brother Lazarus is dead.

MARY. [Faces him.] What? Lazarus
Is dead!

PETER. Aye, dead. And died because of thy
Iniquities.

MARY. Thou liest! Thou liest! Thou liest!
Go! Leave me! Leave me, all of ye! Out on
ye!

Dogs, jackals, cowards, hypocrites, the scum
Of Israel that ye are! Go! Go!

[Drives PETER and crowd before her from
the roof. JOHN remains. MICAH, SILENUS,
FLORA, SALOME, and others go off left.
MARY springs on landing and hurls defi-
ance at PETER. .

MARY.

And thou,

Chief follower of the Nazarene, go tell

Thy Master that —

*[A flash of light, indicating the glance of
the Master, strikes MARY and stops her.
She covers her face and with a shuddering
cry, shrinks back on the roof.]*

He looked at me. The Nazarene did look

At me with the accusing eye of God.

JOHN. No accusation was there in His glance
But only love.

MARY. His look burns in my heart.
His love is not for me.

JOHN. For all the world
And thee.

MARY. That glance revealed my guilt-stained
soul.

My sins are many.

JOHN. Only believe, and tho'

Thy sins be scarlet, He will make them white
As snow.

[*Exit*] JOHN.

MARY. He'll make them white as snow.

[*Shows mental struggle. Springs to her feet.*

I will not yield. I am the Magdalen. I—

[*The conviction of sin overpowers her. Appropriately with the speech she tears off jewels and robe.*

These gems are stained with tears and blood.

This coil's

A serpent 'round my arm. Away, thou viper!

"Tho' thy sins be scarlet." My robe! My robe!

It burns into my flesh as burns His glance

Into my soul. Lord, I believe. My sins

Are scarlet. Make them white as snow.

[*The scene is now quite dark. A bright light streaming from above discloses MARY, the penitent, dressed all in white.*



ACT II



ACT II

SCENE:—*Court-yard of the home of MARTHA and LAZARUS near Jerusalem. On the left is the house, a one-story structure with a door opening into the court-yard. On the right is a high wall with a wide opening at right second entrance leading into the garden. Flowers and foliage show above the wall, and over the house creeps a vine. Across the back, dividing the court-yard from the road which leads to the city is a low hedge of cactus, in bloom. Two trees, forming a natural entrance in the centre of the hedge, meet overhead shading the court-yard. The city of Jerusalem is seen in the distance, straggling up a hill on the*

left which is crowned by the temple. In the middle distance is a large building which hides the crest of a hill on the right, somewhat lower than that on which the city itself is built. A rough table and chairs are placed outside the door. Back against the wall is a rough bench and on the bench a water-jar and a bowl.

As the curtain rises, people are seen passing from left to right on their way to Jerusalem, singly and in groups, on foot, riding asses and camels, etc., some carrying their baggage, doves, etc., for the temple, others leading lambs and kids for the Passover. Some stop and look over the hedge, point to the house, and whisper, etc.

The time is just before sunset. During the act the sun goes down. ZACHARIAS appears in the road from the left, led by

MIRIAM. *They stop and look into the yard.*

MARTHA *enters from garden. During the scene a group gathers at the entrance and listens to the conversation. ZACHARIAS is bent with years and carries a staff. His thin beard is gray; his dress of faded blue is dusty from travel. MIRIAM is ten years old, a pretty child, and wears a bright-colored, striped dress. MARTHA is a matronly woman of about thirty-five. Her black hair hangs loose. Her robe is of dark gray. LAZARUS is about twenty-three, with a soft, short beard and wavy brown hair. His voice is low, and there is a pervading sadness in his tone and manner. He wears a fawn-colored dress.*

ZACHARIAS. Upon this house be peace.

MARTHA.

And unto thee

Be peace.

ZACHARIAS. Art thou not Martha?

MARTHA. I am.

ZACHARIAS. Sister

Of Lazarus, who died?

MARTHA. The sister of

That Lazarus who died. Wilt thou not enter
And rest awhile?

[ZACHARIAS and MIRIAM enter the court-yard.]

ZACHARIAS. I thank thee, Martha. I
And the little maid come to Jerusalem
To keep the feast.

[MARTHA seats ZACHARIAS at right of table.]

MIRIAM stands by his side.

ZACHARIAS. I follow the Nazarene.

MARTHA. His blessing on thee! Thy name?

ZACHARIAS. Zacharias.

This, Miriam, is daughter of my daughter.

We dwell on Jordan's bank and there have
heard

Much of the Master's work. Is Lazarus
Within ?

MARTHA. Jerusalem doth claim him. Soon
He will return. Then mayst thou see him.

ZACHARIAS. Alas.

My poor old eyes will see him not. And yet
I would be witness to the truth. Among
My neighbors there be those who scoff, and
doubt

The Master raised him from the dead.

MARTHA. 'Tis truth.

MIRIAM. And was he surely dead ?

MARTHA. He was.

MIRIAM. And buried ?

MARTHA. Both dead and buried.

[Group in road incredulous.]

MARTHA. Four days the grave had claimed
Him for its own,—four weary, weeping days—
Before the Master came. Gently He took

Me by the hand; looked tenderly into
Mine eyes; saw there the sorrow and the tears,
And Jesus wept.

ZACHARIAS. Behold how much He loved
him. [Group shows sympathy.

MARTHA. Then to the grave we came. From
its black mouth

The stone we rolled away. The Master called,
In voice commanding, "Lazarus, come forth."

[Group shows expectation.

And he that was dead came forth,

[LAZARUS *appears at door of house.*

bound hand and foot

With grave clothes, even as we had buried him.

[She sees LAZARUS.

O Lazarus, my brother!

LAZARUS. Sister mine!

[LAZARUS and MARTHA embrace. Group
shows sympathy and awe.

ZACHARIAS. [*Passes his hand over LAZARUS'S face.*] And art thou Lazarus?

LAZARUS. I am.

ZACHARIAS. Praised

Be God! In very truth the Nazarene

Messias is of whom the prophets spoke.

Come, child. Rejoicing let us go our way.

Farewell and peace!

LAZARUS. Farewell to thee, old man.

[Exeunt ZACHARIAS and MIRIAM by the road to right, followed by group. Enter REBECCA by the road, from left, carrying a water-jar on her head. She is a pretty girl of fifteen and wears a short dress made of gaily-striped material and edged with a red fringe. She walks slowly until she sees MARTHA, then quickens her steps and passes into the house. Enter PETER and JOHN by the road from the left.]

PETER AND JOHN. God's blessing on this
house.

MARTHA. To ye, His peace.

[PETER *walks about, muttering to himself.*

LAZARUS. The Master! Comes He not?

JOHN. He follows and
The others with Him.

MARTHA. 'Tis not meet that He
Should enter this way.

[*Goes to the door and calls.*

Open the door, Rebecca;
Make all things ready for the coming guests.

[*Exit MARTHA, into the house.*

JOHN. Peter, what troubleth thee?

PETER. 'Tis Caiaphas,
High Priest of Israel, that troubles me.
He'd have the Master's life.

JOHN. I fear 'tis true.
And yet the Master heeds it not.

PETER.

Here, in

Jerusalem, are men of Galilee

Five thousand strong; good men and true. Each
one

His life would give let but the Master say

The word. Let Him but speak, five thousand
swords

Will leap their scabbards out and make Him
king.

JOHN. He asks no earthly throne.

PETER.

It is His life

They seek. Fierce Caiaphas doth wait and
watch.

No hungry leopard, crouching for its spring,

Hath less remorse than he. Chance and a
man

Are all he asks.

LAZARUS. Chance and a man! What
man?

PETER. A man whose sordid soul loves gold;
who for

A price would sell the Master.

LAZARUS. Dost suspect —

PETER. [*Interrupts.*] No man. But one I
know will nothing lose

By watching. Enough! [*Draws his sword.*]
One sword there is will flash,

One arm will strike, one man will die for
Him!

[*Enter MARTHA, from the house.*]

Martha, at Magdala I saw thy sister.

MARTHA. Saw Mary!

PETER. Aye. Both saw and
spoke with her.

MARTHA. She said — ?

PETER. With scorn and bitter
words she drove

Me forth.

MARTHA. Mary was ever wont to give
Back scorn for scorn.

JOHN. I fear thou wert too harsh.

PETER. Too harsh! Wouldst have me cringe
and bend the knee

And kiss her scarlet robe?

LAZARUS. If only God
Would in His goodness bring her to the
fold!

PETER. She is a wanton. Dost thou love her
still?

LAZARUS. She is my sister, wanton though
she be.

MARTHA. And mine; my little sister.

LAZARUS. Every day
I pray for her.

MARTHA. I, fifty times a day.

JOHN. Such prayers will answered be.

[*Enter REBECCA from the house, gesticulating.*

[REBECCA *nods.*

[*Exeunt LAZARUS, PETER, JOHN and REBECCA into the house as directed by MARTHA, who follows them. Psalms 113 and 114 are sung in the house. A moment before the singing is finished MARY enters from the right. She is dressed as a woman of the lower class and wears a thin veil, through which her face can be faintly seen. She is very pale, shows signs of physical and mental suffering, and leans against the gate-post for support. When*

the singing is ended MARTHA *enters from the house. She sees MARY but does not recognize her.*

MARTHA. Poor soul! Thou'rt ill. Come.
Tarry with me awhile.

MARY. [*Aside.*] My sister! [*To MARTHA.*]
No! I must go on, go on.

[*As MARY starts to go, she staggers and is about to fall when she is caught by*
MARTHA.

MARTHA. Dear child! Thy feeble limbs can
scarce support thee.

Not one step farther shalt thou go until
Thou'st rested here.

[*Seats MARY in the chair.*

Drink this. 'Twill do thee good.

[*MARY motions the cup away.*

Nay, take it, child, and drink.

[*MARY takes the cup. Her hand trembles.*

MARTHA.

God grant

She may.

MARY. Should she come back to thee and
kneel,

Thus, at thy feet—

MARTHA.

Mary!

MARY.

Not yet! Not yet!

Thus at thy feet with head bowed low in
shame—

MARTHA. No! No!

MARY.

And kiss thy garment's
hem and cry,

“Forgive! Forgive!” what wouldst thou do?

MARTHA. [*Raises MARY and embraces her.*]

Thus, thus

Within my arms, and thus unto my breast
I'd fold her close and cry, “Glory to God!
To Him be all the praise!” Ho, Lazarus!

MARY. My brother?

MARTHA. Aye, thy brother Lazarus.

MARY. But he is dead!

MARTHA. Was dead. Is now alive
Again. Ho, Lazarus!

MARY. I surely dream!

MARTHA. Nay! Nay! The Master raised him
 from the grave.

LAZARUS. [*Enters from the house.*] Why
 dost thou call me from the feast?

MARTHA. I bid
Thee to a banquet for thy soul. Behold
The answer to thy prayers.

LAZARUS. Not Mary? It is!
My sister!

MARY. Lazarus! Oh, Lazarus,
My brother!

[*They embrace.*]

To see thee thus, alive, and find
A welcome.

LAZARUS. Aye, a thousand welcomes! But
This garb? What means it?

MARTHA. Mary, sit down. Say
How cam'st thou here and thus.

MARY. God's hand it was
Directed me. I follow the Nazarene.

LAZARUS. [*Kneels.*] This is the answer to my
prayer. For this

He brought me back from Paradise. For this!

MARTHA. O double joy. Two graves give up
their dead.

Sister and brother both restored. United are
We now in faith as love.

LAZARUS. What was't revealed
The truth?

MARY. The Master's glance. One look from
His
Dear eyes—when from my roof I would have
hurled



THE REUNITED FAMILY

Scorn and defiance at His head—showed me
The horror of my sins.

LAZARUS. I know that look.

MARY. That night I spent in prayer. The
morrow's sun

Saw me in search of Him, to find Him gone;
Left for Jerusalem.

MARTHA. And thou didst follow?

MARY. But first I sold all that I had and gave
It to the poor.

LAZARUS. A true disciple thou!

MARTHA. Sold all?

MARY. Gems, house, lands,—everything
but this.

*[Takes a small alabaster box from the folds
of her robe.]*

MARTHA. And that —?

MARY. Is spikenard I reserved for Him.
And then I followed Him.

MARTHA. The way was long!

MARY. The way was long and hard.

MARTHA. 'Twas doubly so

For thee, poor child.

MARY. But that I heeded not;

Each step but brought me nearer Him. I
reached

Jerusalem and saw Him enter. Around

Him pressed the multitude. Palms, flowers,
and e'en

Their garments, strewed they in His way, and all

With voices loud, exulting cried, "Hosanna!

Hosanna in the highest! Blessed be He

That cometh in Jehovah's name!" The voices

Of children, even, joined that hymn of praise.

LAZARUS. I saw and heard it. 'Twas a glorious sight!

MARY. 'Twas the triumphal entry of a king,

But one whose kingdom is of peace. He brought

Nor spoils of villages nor wealth of harried towns.
 No stream of ravished captives dragged He in
 His train.

Could I have thrown myself beneath His feet
 And died, thrice welcome would have been that
 death.

MARTHA. And then — ?

MARY. He vanishèd. And I, alone
 And friendless, wandered, weary, through the
 streets,

No roof to shelter, and no hand to aid.

MARTHA. My poor, lost lamb!

MARY. God brought me to thy door,
 Or else to-night I'd died,—had died without
 Or look or word from Him, my Lord! My
 Master!

To-morrow must I seek Him further.

MARTHA. No need!

He's here beneath this roof.

MARY. Beneath this roof!

MARTHA. Aye! Aye! And thou shalt see
and speak with Him.

MARY. To hear His voice, to look into His eyes
And read my pardon there —

JUDAS. [*Enters from the house.*]

The Master waits

Thee, Lazarus. Who's this?

[*In an ingratiating tone.*

'Tis Magdala!

[*MARY shrinks from* JUDAS. *MARTHA protects her.*

MARTHA. Our sister, Judas.

LAZARUS. Welcomed home. She seeks
The Master.

JUDAS. Seeks the Master! What for?

MARY. Only
To worship Him and, if I may, to pour
This ointment on His head.

JUDAS. [*Takes the box.*] 'Tis spikenard!

Worth

Three hundred pence. 'Twould be a waste of
money.

MARY. Ah, no! Were Cæsar's treasure in
that little box,

And all the wealth of all the world besides,
It were an offering all too small.

JUDAS. I'll sell

It, Mary, and give the money to the poor.

'Twill please Him better thus.

LAZARUS. [*Takes the box from* JUDAS.] What
thy hand touches

The poor get little of.

JUDAS. What meanest thou?

LAZARUS. I mean, thou art a thief.

[*Gives the box to* MARY.]

JUDAS. What! I! A thief!

By Abraham's beard I swear —

PETER. [*Enters from the house.*] What
causeth this unseemly noise?

JUDAS. This woman
Would precious spikenard waste upon the
Master.

PETER. This woman? [*Recognizes MARY.*]
Ah! the Magdalen!

MARY. I would
But pour this ointment on His head.

PETER. Away!

MARY. I am not worthy; that I know.

MARTHA. Deal gently
With her.

PETER. Sack-cloth and ashes be her lot.
She, who did make a glory of her shame
Into the Master's presence go? Profane
His sacred head with her unhallowed hands?
Never!

JOHN. [*Enters from the house and holds open*

the door.] The Master saith, "Let Mary enter."

[The light from the open door brings MARY into strong relief, the gathering dusk throwing the other characters into shadow. MARY slowly advances with downcast eyes. When near the door she hesitates.

MARTHA.

See!

He calls thee.

[MARY looks up with an ecstatic cry and goes into the house followed by JOHN, PETER, and JUDAS. LAZARUS and MARTHA look into the house.

MARTHA.

Down at His feet she casts

herself;

Hot grief and shame have claimed her for their own.

She weeps: her tears fall swiftly on His feet,

Swiftly and softly, like a summer rain.

Surely such tears were never shed before.

LAZARUS. The Twelve in wonder stand.

They gaze in awe,

The while His tender eyes look down on her.

MARTHA. The golden marvel of her hair she
takes

And wipes His feet, and dries away the tears,

As sunshine sips the dew of early morning.

His hand He places on her head. And now

She looks at Him as one might look on God,

While from His eyes there speaks a glance of love

And pardon. 'Tis repentance kneeling at

The feet of mercy.

LAZARUS. The precious spices now

She pours upon His head and all the room

Is filled with odor. Mark! Iscariot doth

Protest; and cringes, fawning on the one

He would betray.

MARTHA. The Master takes her hand.
He speaks; gentle His voice and low: "Much hath
She loved, and much hath been forgiven her."

[ZACHARIAS, *led by MIRIAM, enters hurriedly, by the road, from right.*

ZACHARIAS. The Master! Is He here?

LAZARUS. What wouldst thou ?

ZACHARIAS. I'd
Warn Him. They seek His life.

LAZARUS. They? Who?

ZACHARIAS. The scribes,
The Pharisees, and cunning Caiaphas.

LAZARUS. Thy news is old.

ZACHARIAS. 'Tis true. To Caiaphas
Hath Pilate given ear. They wait to take
Him secretly. Beg Him to fly.

LAZARUS. I'll give
Thy warning.

[Exit LAZARUS into house.

MARTHA. [*To ZACHARIAS.*] How didst thou learn this?

ZACHARIAS. **The Priest**
Hath boasted to his friends. Among themselves
They whisper it with joy. That whisper
reached
My ear.

[Enter MARY from the house. She is transformed. The light of peace is in her eyes and her face glows with ecstasy.]

MARY. The Master thanks thee for
thy warning.

ZACHARIAS. [*With grateful surprise.*] Ah!

MARY. And to reward thee for thy love—

ZACHARIAS. I ask
For no reward.

MARY. And to reward thee for
Thy love He saith—[*Pauses.*]

ZACHARIAS. [*Eagerly.*] What!

MARY. This. Ask what thou wilt,
And what thou wilt believing ask, thou shalt
Receive—from me.

ZACHARIAS. [*In wonder and awe.*] From thee!

MARTHA. O, wondrous grace!
From thee!

MARY. Such were His words, "From me."
I know
I am not worthy, but He said, from me.

ZACHARIAS. If only I might see His face!

MARY. [*Astonished.*] Thy sight!

ZACHARIAS. Only to see His face and then,
if so
He wills it, darkness,—darkness evermore.

[MARY looks through the open door as if to
gather inspiration, then places her fingers
on ZACHARIAS'S eyes.

MARY. In the Master's name, I bid thee, see!
[ZACHARIAS drops on his knees. For a mo-

*ment he covers his face with his hands;
then looks into the house.*

ZACHARIAS.

His face!

His glorious face! O God of Abraham,
I thank Thee for Thy mercy. Lord, let me,
Thy servant, now depart in peace. Mine eyes
Have seen the glory of Thy people Israel.
God's grace be on this house.

*[He picks up his staff and instinctively takes
MIRIAM'S hand, then drops it.] No! No!
I see!*

*[Exit ZACHARIAS, walking boldly, followed by
MIRIAM. MARTHA embraces MARY with
tender joy.]*

MARY. His hands have touched, His voice has
blessed me. Now am
I consecrated to His work. And O,
The joy of it! My heart too little is
To hold it all. I'll share it with the stars.

[MARTHA *kisses her on the brow.*

My soul's at peace with all the world.

[*Exit MARY into garden. Enter PETER, much excited, followed by LAZARUS who is trying to calm him.*

PETER.

Am I

Not Simon? Chosen one? Did He not name
Me Peter, saying, "This is the rock on which
I'll build my church"?

LAZARUS.

But, Peter,—

PETER.

And now to say

I shall deny Him thrice before cock-crow.

[*Enter JOHN from the house.*

John, thee I call to witness. Have I not
My life been ready always to lay down
For Him?

JOHN. Aye, Peter; never lion braver.

PETER. And yet He says I shall deny Him—
thrice.

May God do so to me and more —

JOHN. [*Interrupts.*] Remember thou His
words: "Swear not at all."

Curb thou thy wrath. Ill news have I for thee.
The Master saith that one among us shall
Betray Him.

LAZARUS AND MARTHA. What!

PETER. Betray Him! Ha! Perchance
That shall be Peter also!

MARTHA. [*To JOHN.*] Which one shall
It be?

JOHN. To whom He gives a sop.

[*Looks into house. All gather around him.*

Behold!

One reaches for the dish and drops his bread;
The Master dips and hands it back to him.
With treacherous smile he takes and eats. 'Tis
Judas,
Perdition's son!

[PETER *starts to go into the house.* JOHN
restrains him.

JOHN. Peace! Peace! He comes this way.

[JUDAS *enters from the house, closing the door after him. He starts with surprise on seeing the group, then goes slowly toward the gate. All point at him and cry, "JUDAS!" He pauses, then goes off right, by the road.*

PETER. We must away ere Judas can return.

[*Exeunt PETER, JOHN, and LAZARUS, into the house. MARTHA goes into the garden. Psalms 115 and 116 sung in the house.*

LAZARUS. [*Enters from house.*] Ho, Martha!

MARTHA. [*In garden.*] Here! Who calls?

LAZARUS. I, Lazarus.

[*Enter MARTHA, from the garden.*

LAZARUS. The Master goeth to Gethsemane.

MARTHA. Go with Him. He may need thy help.

LAZARUS. I go.

[Exit LAZARUS, into the house. The lights in the house are put out, leaving the scene illuminated only by the afterglow of the sunset.]

BARABBAS. *[Enters hurriedly by the road, from left. Calls softly.]* Within there!

MARTHA. What wouldst thou?

BARABBAS. The Nazarene,
Dwells He here?

MARTHA. Who art thou that asks?

BARABBAS. A friend.
He is betrayed.

MARTHA. Betrayed! O God of Israel!

BARABBAS. Go warn Him quickly.

[Exit BARABBAS, right.]

MARTHA. *[Goes to garden and calls softly.]*

Mary! No! She must
Not know.

[Exit MARTHA by the road, to left.]

MARY. *[Enters from garden.]* Martha, didst
call?

[Looks into the house.]

All dark within,
And I am all alone. How still it is!
The world's asleep and my glad heart dreams
music.
Its crooning chords vibrate to joy's soft touch
As sigh the harp-strings when a loving hand
Strays over them, groping with wistful fingers
For some dear, haunting, half-remembered tune
Of long ago.

[Approaching mob heard, right. Then follow cries of, "There he is!" "No! this way!" "Ah, he's gone!" MARY, startled, looks into the road. BARABBAS dashes in]

from the garden. MARY turns. He places his hand over her mouth and forces her down, right of the gate, so that the hedge hides them from persons on the road. Neither recognizes the other.

CALCHOL. [*Calls, from right.*] Who goes there?

MARCUS. [*Calls, from left.*] 'Tis I. Marcus. And there?

CALCHOL. Calchol, centurion. Whom seek ye?

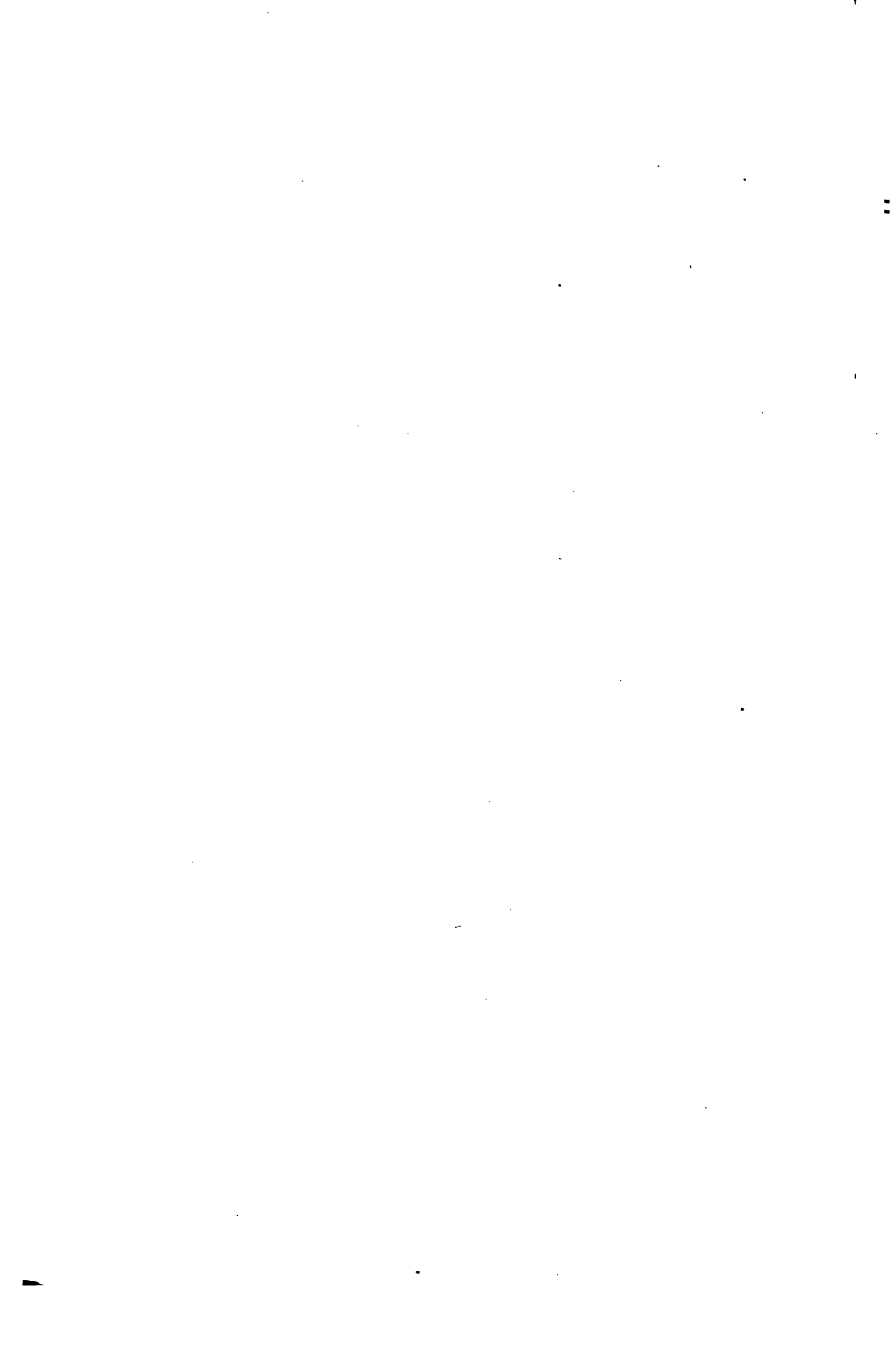
MARCUS. We seek Barabbas. And ye?

CALCHOL. The Nazarene.

[*Enter, from right, JUDAS followed by CALCHOL, soldiers, and a mob; some carry weapons; others carry torches which fitfully light up the scene. They are met by MARCUS and soldiers who enter from left. CALCHOL is a heavily built man of forty,*



"FORWARD TO GETHESEMANE"



whose war-seamed face and muscular figure tell of hard campaigning. His voice is gruff, but has an undertone of hearty good nature. MARCUS is tall and handsome; about twenty-eight: a typical, dashing Roman soldier. Both wear cuirass and plumed helmet which gleam under the light of the torches.

CALCHOL. Dog of a Jew. Thou'st lied! He is not here.

The house is dark.

JUDAS. [*Calls softly.*] Ho, Martha!

CALCHOL. Where next, Judas?

JUDAS. Gethsemane. There shall we find Him. Often

He goeth there—to watch and pray.

CALCHOL. If there

We find Him not, thou wilt have need to pray.

On to Gethsemane!

[Mob takes up the cry, "To Gethsemane!"]

*Exeunt JUDAS, CALCHOL, and mob to left;
MARCUS and soldiers to right. The light
of the rising moon struggles in through
the trees and strikes MARY and BARABBAS.
He looks careworn and haggard.*

MARY. Barabbas!

BARABBAS. Mary!

MARY. What dost thou here?

BARABBAS. I was escaping for
My life.

MARY. Thy life!

BARABBAS. My life! And thou?

MARY. I follow
The Nazarene.

BARABBAS. *[Laughs sarcastically.]* Now is
Isaiah's prophecy
Fulfilled: the wolf and lamb lie down together;
The leopard, with the kid. The Magdalen

BARABBAS. I went back; found thee gone.

For joy I laughed.

For joy! The bitter joy of desired defeat.

“Now am I free!” I cried, and yet,—O God,
That a man should be so cursed of love!—I
would

Be prisoner still, for still I love thee. Always
And everywhere I see thy face. The day
Is brilliant with thine eyes; the night, on
fire

With them. I yield. Welcome the fetters so
Thou rivet them. Do with me as thou wilt.
I love thee only. I am thine forever!

MARY. [*Carried away by his passion and her
own love, springs to his arms.*]

Barabbas! My king! My —

[*Tears herself away.*]

No! No! It may

Not be.

BARABBAS. Thou'rt mine. Thy life belongs
To me. For thee and for thy love I will
Do everything. I'll carve an empire from
The desert for thee; thou shalt rule as queen;
I'll give thee —

MARY. [*Interrupts.*] My heart is thine, Barabbas, and if aught

Could tempt me to desert my Lord, 'twould be
To spend my life with thee. But, I may not go.

BARABBAS. Thou mayst not go! Barabbas
says thou shalt

And who shall say him "Nay"?

MARY. The One to whom
My life belongs.

BARABBAS. The Nazarene! A dreamer
Of dreams. Preacher of peace, who even now's
Condemned to die the death. What! He de-
liver thee

From me, whom Rome herself hath learned to
fear?

[*Seizes MARY.*] Thou'rt mine and with me shalt
thou go.

MARY. [*Struggles.*] No, no,
Barabbas! No! I may not go. I—

BARABBAS. [*Interrupts.*] By Israel's God

Barabbas swears thou shalt.

I'll drag thee from the very pit of hell;

I will not be denied by heaven itself.

Call on thy Nazarene.

MARY. [*Breaks from him with uplifted hand.*] Master, I call!

[BARABBAS, *stopped by an invisible power, stands awestruck, then stoops and kisses the hem of MARY'S robe. Exit BARABBAS, by the road to right. Noise of approaching mob heard, left. MARY stands listening. Clash of swords heard off right.*

MARCUS. [*Off right. Calls.*] Ho, Calchol.

Is it thou?

CALCHOL. [*Off left. Calls.*] 'Tis I. What luck?

MARCUS. We've ta'en Barabbas.

[*MARY starts toward the road.*

CALCHOL.

We, the Nazarene.

*[With a cry of despair MARY falls, fainting.]**JUDAS, CALCHOL and the mob cross from
left to right, coming from Gethsemane.*

ACT III



ACT III

SCENE:—*The portico of the Hall of Judgment. It is above the street level and reached by a flight of steps on the left. On the right are three doors. The first, from the spectator, is heavily barred and leads to the dungeons. The second, used by Pilate, leads to the Hall of Judgment. It is set back in an arched recess and is reached by four marble steps, forming a dais on which stands Pilate's chair of ivory and gold. The third door leads to the public portion of the Hall of Judgment. At the back is a wide opening from which a balcony projects over the street, and through it may be had a view of the city, rich in Oriental coloring and*

glittering under a cloudless sky. The flat roofs of the houses are crowded with people, who are evidently expecting an event of more than usual interest. MARCUS is standing on the balcony, leaning carelessly on his spear. CALCHOL stands in the foreground and soldiers guard the various entrances.

MARCUS. As thou wast saying, Calchol —?

CALCHOL. Men of all nations have I met and fought,

But from the Jew, deliver me. 'Twere better
Far Pluto's self to rouse, than touch his God,
His Temple, or his law.

[Shouts of mob heard in the distance.]

MARCUS. Hark how they howl.

CALCHOL. I've heard that cry before.

MARCUS. Thou hast? And where?

CALCHOL. At Cæsarea. Six long days and
nights

Just such a pack howled round the palace gates;
And all 'cause Pilate placed the eagles o'er
Their Temple door.

MARCUS. Why not drive them away?

CALCHOL. Drive pigs! We beat them; starved
them; marched o'er them;
Did everything but kill them.

MARCUS. Why not that?

CALCHOL. Pilate fears Cæsar. Priests have
tongues that reach
Imperial ears.

[Cries of mob heard, nearer.]

MARCUS. Mark that!

CALCHOL. That cry means blood.

MARCUS. Of whom? Barabbas or the Naza-
rene?

CALCHOL. The Nazarene.

CALCHOL. What for? Slicing a Jew's ear?

[*A pause.*] I tell thee, Marcus, that this Nazarene's

No common man.

MARCUS. What! Calchol, the centurion,
Among His followers!

CALCHOL. I'm not. Nor am
I like to be. The gods of Rome be good
Enough for me. But eyes have I and see
With them. The Nazarene did touch the spot
Where once the ear had been and, lo, the ear
Came back again.

MARCUS. The ear came back. Ho! Ho!
Good tale to tell. A fine tale, Calchol.

CALCHOL. Laugh!
Ye younglings think ye have a sibyl's wisdom:
Know everything. By all the gods, I swear
I saw it done. And once again I say,
This Nazarene's no common man.

[*Enter JOHN, left.*

MARCUS. [*To JOHN.*] Begone!

JOHN. Thou know'st me, Calchol.

CALCHOL. Marcus, I know him.

Let him remain.

JOHN. I have a friend outside

Would enter.

CALCHOL. More of ye? Well, bring him in.

[*JOHN beckons to PETER, who enters left.*

JOHN goes to CALCHOL and thanks him in pantomime. MARCUS goes to PETER.

MARCUS. Art thou a follower of this Nazarene?

PETER. The Nazarene? I know Him not.

[*JOHN joins PETER.*

PETER. [*Apart, to JOHN.*] He'll let

The Master go. Though cruel, Pilate's just.

[*PETER and JOHN talk in pantomime.*

MARCUS. After that ear grew on what did ye
with

The Nazarene?

CALCHOL. To Annas first and then
To Caiaphas we took Him.

MARCUS. Charged with what?

CALCHOL. They swore the Nazarene had broke
 their law.

MARCUS. What law?

CALCHOL. Dost think that I know aught
 about
Their law? Something it was of Sabbath-
 breaking
And eating with unwashed hands. Marcus, now
To thee I put this question:—Had thou and I
Been hanged each time we ate with hands un-
 washed,
How many times had we been dead?

[Exit JOHN, left. Enter HEBE, right. She
is a saucy, little Roman girl of sixteen.
MARCUS attempts to kiss her. CALCHOL
watches them.]

MARCUS.

How now,

My Hebe ! Wouldst not kiss an honest soldier ?

HEBE. An honest soldier ? Aye, when one
I find.

MARCUS. Didst hear that, Calchol ? Flouted !

CALCHOL. Ah ! Have done.

MARCUS. Wilt kiss a dishonest soldier, then ?

HEBE. Nay.

But he may steal a kiss—an he can catch me.

MARCUS. [*Catches* HEBE.] Thy lips, thou
antelope. I've earned that kiss.

[*HEBE slaps MARCUS's face and breaks from him, laughing. She runs against PETER, who looks sternly at her. MARCUS watches them, much amused.*]

HEBE. [*To* PETER.] Wouldst thou like such a
kiss ?

PETER. Away from me !

HEBE. Thou followest the Nazarene.

PETER. Go to!

I know not Him of whom thou speak'st.

HEBE. Thou art
From Galilee. Thy speech bewrayeth thee.

[To MARCUS.] Farewell, my honest soldier!

[She throws him a kiss.]

MARCUS. *[Starts after her.]* Sorceress!

[Exit HEBE, laughing.]

MARCUS. [To CALCHOL.] What said He?

CALCHOL. Never a word. He stood with head
Bowed down and in His eyes a look as of
Some sorrowing god. Again I tell thee, He's
No common man. There was a something in
His face that said: "If so I would, I could."

MARCUS. How liked they that?

CALCHOL. They liked it not. Their Priest
Cried, "I adjure thee, by the living God,
Tell us if thou Messias be."

MARCUS. What meant he?

CALCHOL. I know not what he meant. I'm
telling thee

What happened.

MARCUS. Pardon, Calchol. Tell thy tale.

CALCHOL. The Nazarene looked up. He
softly smiled,

And murmured, "Thou hast said." Then Caia-
phas

With rage grew purple; screamed, "'Tis blas-
phemy!

He's guilty of death!"

MARCUS. What then? Think'st thou
He will

Die for it?

CALCHOL. Jove alone can tell. The gods
Be thanked, I am a Roman and not Jew.

[Cries of mob heard, still nearer.]

CALCHOL. Full soon they will be here.

MARCUS. Why come they here?

CALCHOL. More laws! To-morrow is their
Passover.

Into the Judgment Hall they may not go.

'Twould render them unclean.

[A man's head appears above the balcony-rail. MARCUS strikes at it with the butt of his spear. The head disappears and MARCUS turns away. Two heads appear, and mob hisses. MARCUS drives them away.]

CALCHOL. *[Crosses to PETER.]* Thy form's
familiar.

Where have I seen thee?

PETER. *[Ingratiatingly.]* I know not. Per-
chance

'Twas on the street, Centurion.

CALCHOL. Ah, now

I know thee, by thy voice. Last night, wast
with

The Nazarene.

PETER. Why should ye all accuse me ?

CALCHOL. [*With rough good humor.*] Deny

it not. Thou art the sturdy fellow who

Did use his sword.

PETER. I tell thee, thou art wrong.

I swear by Abram's God that I know not

This Nazarene.

[*Faint cock-crow heard.*

What's that ?

CALCHOL. Naught but a cock-crow.

What ails thee, man ?

PETER. [*Shows terror and remorse. Whis-
pers.*] Three times! Three times have I

Denied Him.

[*Exit PETER, left.*

CALCHOL. [*Stares after PETER. Then shakes
his head.*] Mars and Jupiter! What think

Ye ailed that man ? These Jews do certainly

Pass my poor comprehension. Now, last night

There came a woman —

MARCUS. Ah, a woman!

CALCHOL. None

Of thy sort. Fair as Venus' self; with hair

Of yellow gold, and as a vestal pure.

Like Niobe she wept and prayed to see

The Nazarene.

[Mob now close at hand. Woman's voice screams, "Crucify Him!" Mob howls approval.]

CALCHOL. Guard thou that door. Let none
Get past but Caiaphas and those with him.

[MARCUS goes to entrance, left, and admits CAIAPHAS, HABAKKUK and scribes and Pharisees, who form a group, back. He keeps out the mob, some of whom block up the entrance and crowd in a little way. CAIAPHAS is of gaunt but impressive figure, richly dressed in a long robe of

white linen over which is a wide-sleeved coat of green-striped cloth, trimmed with heavy gold fringe. On his head is a characteristic turban in which sparkles a jeweled buckle. His long, snow-white beard and hair betoken his sixty years, but, under his heavy brows, his dark eyes burn with all the fire of early manhood. His harsh voice has lost none of its strength and carries with it an unmistakable tone of command. HABAKKUK is a young man with jet-black hair and beard. He is dressed in white.

CAIAPHAS. Habakkuk, Pilate's mood is mercy.

'Gainst

It we must guard.

[CAIAPHAS goes to the balcony and is greeted with shouts of, "Caiaphas! Caiaphas!" from the mob in the street.]

CAIAPHAS. Give ear, O men of Judah!

[*Mob roars.*

No mercy must be shown this Nazarene,
Contemner of our laws, blasphemer of
The God of Abraham. For these crimes must
He die the death.

[*A woman screams, shrill and terrible,
"Crucify Him!" Mob shouts approval.
Enter PILATE, from the Judgment Hall.
He is about forty years of age and wears
a Roman tunic of white, trimmed with
imperial purple and draped with a toga
of the same color. His closely cropped
hair is sprinkled with gray. His patrician
face wears an air of authority, as becomes
the representative of Cæsar, which is
belied by his sensitive mouth and weak
chin. He listens for a moment with a
look of scorn, then motions for silence.*

PILATE. This man, O Caiaphas,
Whom ye have brought before me, I have well
Examined, and find no fault in Him.

CAIAPHAS. [*Suavely.*] Most worthy Gover-
nor, a malefactor
Is He beyond all question. Were He not,
Should we bring Him to thee ?

PILATE. What crime hath He
Committed ?

CAIAPHAS. [*To mob.*] The Procurator asks,
“ What crime ? ”

[*To PILATE.*] Shouldst rather ask what wicked-
ness He hath

Not done. Read thou the scroll, Habakkuk.
Thus

Acquaint our worthy Governor what crimes
This Nazarene stands charged withal.

PILATE. Be brief.
I want no long-drawn catalogue.

CAIAPHAS. [*Angrily.*] Know then
O Pilate, this man goes about through all
Fair Palestine, from Galilee unto
Jerusalem, and Pharisee and scribe
And priest He doth denounce as hypocrites.
He calls them robbers of the poor; devourers
Of widows' houses; whited sepulchres,
All full of dead men's bones and foul uncleanness.

Is this no crime?

PILATE. Aye. Truly 'tis a crime —
To speak the truth.

CAIAPHAS. Did He not boast and say
He would destroy the Temple and in three days
Build it again?

PILATE. [*Sarcastically.*] A heinous statement, truly,
And worthy punishment.

CAIAPHAS. Once more, then, Pilate.

This man blasphemeth 'gainst our God. Ac-
cording

To our laws—

PILATE. [*Interrupts.*] Take Him, ye, and
judge Him under

Your laws.

CAIAPHAS. [*Suavely.*] My lord the Gover-
nor, we have

So judged and found Him guilty. But, be-
neath

Thy Rome's puissant rule, the Jew may not
Condemn a man to death. Thou standest
there

For Cæsar, and to thee we look for justice.

[*Enter SLAVE from the Judgment Hall.*]

PILATE. Not justice, but revenge ye want.

The Man

Is naught to me. As ye are bent on murder,
Take Him and —

[SLAVE *hands* PILATE a scroll. *Exit* SLAVE.

PILATE. Thy pardon, Caiaphas. A writing from my wife.

[CAIAPHAS *turns away with a gesture of annoyance.*

PILATE. [*Reads.*] "Have thou nothing to do with this just Man; for many things have I suffered this day in a dream because of Him." [*Repeats.*] "Have thou nothing to do with this just Man."

CAIAPHAS. We wait thy answer, gracious Governor.

PILATE. Ye charge no crime against this Nazarene

That by the law of Rome is worthy death.

CAIAPHAS. Is treason then no crime against thy law?

Doth He not call Himself "King of the Jews"?

Release Him and thou art no friend of Cæsar.

PILATE. [*Startled, pauses.*] I will again examine Him.

[*Exit PILATE into Judgment Hall.*]

CAIAPHAS. [*Addresses mob from balcony.*]

Attend,

O Judah. This profaner of our Temple,
This scoffer at our law, this Nazarene,
Hath found a friend in Pilate. Pilate's friend
Is friend of Rome. Rome's friend is the enemy
Of Israel.

[*Mob shouts approval.*]

What then shall be His punishment?

[*A man shouts, "Let Him die the death!"*]

A woman screams, "Crucify Him!" The

mob takes up the cry and roars, "Crucify

Him! Crucify Him!"

CAIAPHAS. Aye, crucify Him! Pilate is disposed

To mercy. Therefore give ear, O Israel.

When Pilate, as the custom is, doth ask
 What prisoner shall be released, [*whispers*] demand

Barabbas. [*Motions silence.*]

PILATE. [*Re-enters. He is perturbed and mutters.*] "Nothing to do with this just Man."

CAIAPHAS. [*Sarcastically.*] Speak louder, Governor. We do not catch

Thy words.

PILATE. I've questioned Him again and find
 No fault in Him.

[*Mob roars disapproval.*]

CAIAPHAS. [*Angrily.*] No fault! Does He
 not rouse

The people to rebel, advising them

To pay no tribute unto Cæsar?

PILATE. Silence!

Have ye no witnesses?

MAN. [*At entrance, left.*] Aye! Here is one.

ANOTHER MAN. Make way there!

[*Enter JUDAS, forced on by the mob, amid howls of derision. He shows physical and mental terror.*]

CAIAPHAS. [*Aside.*] Judas!

PILATE. Dost thou know him, Priest?

[JUDAS looks at CAIAPHAS.]

CAIAPHAS. 'Tis possible I may have seen the man

Before, but that I know him—[*He shakes his head. A scribe whispers to him.*] 'Tis told me He's a disciple of this Nazarene.

PILATE. [*To JUDAS.*] Thy name?

[JUDAS, dazed, looks at PILATE, but does not answer.]

CAIAPHAS. [*Eagerly.*] My lord, he is bewildered by

Thy presence. His words—

PILATE. [*Interrupts.*] He shall answer me.
What is thy name?

JUDAS. [*Hoarsely.*] Judas Iscariot.

PILATE. Art thou a follower of this Man?

[JUDAS *hesitates. The words stick in his throat.*

PILATE. Thy tongue,
When Pilate speaks. Art thou a follower of
This Nazarene?

JUDAS. I was.

PILATE. Dost thou know ought
Against Him?

JUDAS. [*Looks first at PILATE; then at*
CAIAPHAS. *Speaks slowly.*] I know naught
against Him.

CAIAPHAS. Traitor!

Didst not betray Him?

JUDAS. [*Slowly, then with increasing vehemence.*] I betrayed Him! I

Betrayed Him! But ye tempted me! With
money.

With money! Thirty pieces of silver. Price
Of a slave! But—I know naught against Him.
Oh!

Take back thy silver, Caiaphas, and let
Him go. He is guiltless of crime. He hath
done naught
But good.

CAIAPHAS. The fool is mad!

JUDAS. [*Kneels, and offers money to CAIAPHAS.*]
No! No! Release

Him and take back thy money, Caiaphas.

I have betrayed the innocent blood.

CAIAPHAS. [*Spurns JUDAS who grovels at his
feet.*]
Fool!

What's that to us? See thou to it.

[CAIAPHAS turns his back on JUDAS. JUDAS
rises, again offers the money to CAIAPHAS,

*looks around like a hunted animal,
thrusts the money into his breast, and
rushes off amid the jeering yells of the
mob.*

PILATE.

O Priest,

Thy witness did not help thy cause. [*To the
mob.*] The Man

Is guiltless. I'll release Him unto you.

[CAIAPHAS *motions to the mob, which cries,*
"No, no! Barabbas! Release Barab-
bas!"

PILATE. [*Angrily.*] A thief! A robber!
Traitor and a rebel!

Guilty of all the crimes ye charge against
The Nazarene. Release him, I will not.

[*The mob renews its cries of, "Barabbas!
Give us Barabbas!"*

CAIAPHAS. [*Apart to PILATE.*] They thirst for
blood.

PILATE. The blood of innocence.

CAIAPHAS. They will not be denied. Hast
thou forgot

What hap'd at Cæsarea?

PILATE. Ah!

CAIAPHAS. Six days

And nights the palace was besieged thus,
And all thy legions could not silence them.

Pilate, beware!

[Mob howls, "Barabbas! Barabbas!" etc.]

PILATE. *[After a struggle, puts up his hand.]*

Mob stops shouting. To CALCHOL.] Bring
forth Barabbas.

*[Exit CALCHOL, to dungeon. Mob yells
triumphantly.]*

PILATE. What

Then shall be done with the Nazarene?

[Mob yells, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"]

Enter BARABBAS from dungeon. His head

is bound up and his hands are manacled.

CALCHOL follows him.

BARABBAS. Thou butcher
Of Rome, I fear thee not ! Canst crucify
Me an thou wilt.

PILATE. I willingly would doom thee
To that death, miscreant ! But these, thy
friends,
Demand thou be released.

BARABBAS. Released ! What then ?

PILATE. I'm wont to free some malefactor at
This season. Thee will I yield unto them.

BARABBAS. Whom would they crucify ?

PILATE. The Nazarene.

BARABBAS. This is thy doing, Caiaphas. Be-
ware

Lest thou regret. Some virtue is there in Him,
Some power, I know not what,—

CAIAPHAS. [*Interrupts.*] If power there be,

Let Him release Himself.

[Mob shows approval.]

BARABBAS. *[To PILATE.]* What hath He
done?

Raised up the standard of revolt? Before
Him swept thy cohorts? Bowed thy eagles in
The dust, as I have done? Take me—

*[The mob interrupts him with cries of,
“Barabbas! Release Barabbas! Crucify
the Nazarene!”]*

PILATE. What! Shall
I crucify your King?

CAIAPHAS. We have no King
But Cæsar!

MARY. *[Fights her way through the mob, her
hair streaming and her dress awry.]* I ap-
peal to Cæsar!

*[BARABBAS, CAIAPHAS, and PILATE surprised.
Mob silenced.]*

PILATE. [*Aside.*] Mary!

[*Sarcastically.*] Another witness for thee,
Caiaphas.

CAIAPHAS. I know her not.

PILATE. Is't possible!

CAIAPHAS. Give sentence!

PILATE. Not know the Magdalen? Where
hast thou spent

Thy days, that she, whose purse is bottomless,
Whose beauty is a toast in Rome itself,
Hath 'scaped thy searching eye? [*To MARY.*]

What folly's this,

O Magdala?

MARY. I follow the Nazarene.

[*Mob jeers at her.*]

PILATE. Thou followest the Nazarene! What
hath

He done for thee?

MARY. He brought me back to life.

CAIAPHAS. [*Sarcastically.*] A miracle!

MARY. Thou dost not understand.
The tomb does not hold all the dead. [*To*
PILATE.] The charge

Against him?

CAIAPHAS. That He call Himself a king.

MARY. He is a king, but not of this base
world.

His realm is love; His kingdom, peace; and
shield

And sword and spear He knoweth not.

CAIAPHAS. False! False!

'Tis known He teacheth treason and rebellion.

MARY. [*Slowly.*] "To love your enemies;
bless them that curse you;

Do good to them that hate you; pray for them

That spitefully use you and persecute you."

These are His teachings. Call ye that rebellion?

And when ye brought to Him the tribute money,

Demanding of Him: "Is it lawful tribute
To pay to Cæsar?" What then did He answer?
"To Cæsar render all things that are Cæsar's."

Call ye that treason?

CAIAPHAS. [*To PILATE.*] Wilt thou longer
heed

This wanton?

[*The mob jeers. MARY shrinks away.*]

MARY. Wanton I was. And who made
Me wanton; helped me on the path of shame?
Who drove me down its steep incline? Such
men

As ye, who now cry for His blood. And He,
He made me what I am; showed me the hor-
ror of

That downward road, the black abyss to which
It led; brought me forgiveness for my sins;
Taught me the way to God.

CAIAPHAS. 'Tis blasphemy!

Away with her! Give sentence, Pilate, on
The Nazarene.

[*The mob cries, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"*] PILATE calls SLAVE who enters
with a silver bowl, into which PILATE dips
his fingers.

PILATE. Bear witness all that I
Am innocent of this Man's blood. See ye
To it.

[*Exit SLAVE.*]

CAIAPHAS. [*Triumphantly.*] His blood be on
us and on our children
Forever!

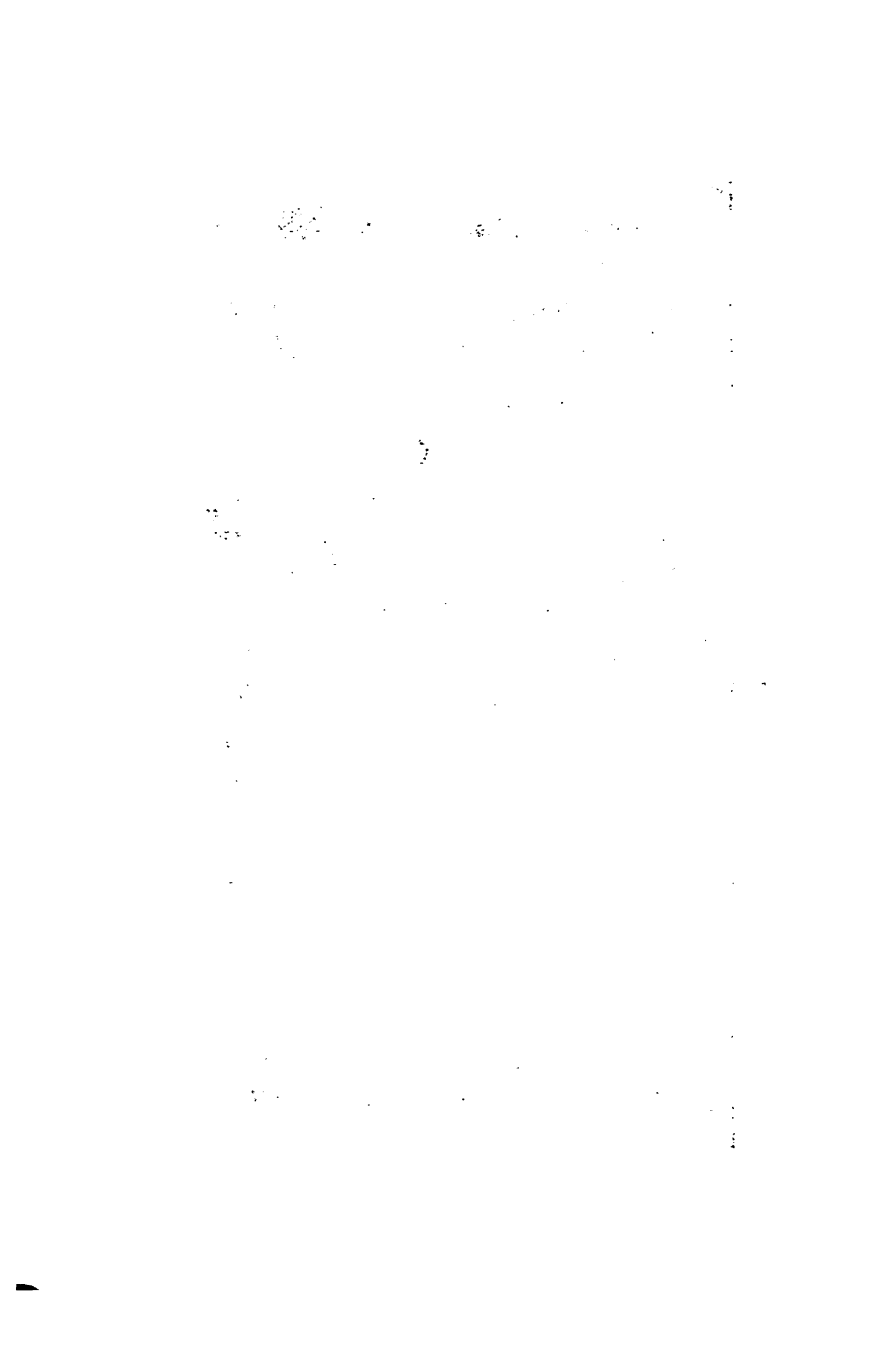
[*The mob takes up the cry.*]

MARY. Ye have said. On you and on
Your children be His blood forever.

[*With a burst of her former vehemence.*] Ye
Dogs! Cowards! Murderers! Fiends! Who
five days back



MARY'S APPEAL TO PILATE



With palm-leaves strewed His path; made carpets of

Your robes; cried out, "Hosanna unto David's Son,"

And hailed Him as your King. And now ye'd—

[The mob cries, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"] MARY *shrinks in terror and covers her ears.*

MARY. No! No! Not that! That torture terrible!

PILATE. *[Motions silence. To CALCHOL.]*
Release Barabbas.

[CALCHOL strikes off BARABBAS'S fetters. The mob shouts approval.]

PILATE. *[To soldiers.]* Render unto them
The Nazarene.

[Exit soldiers to Judgment Hall. MARY throws herself at PILATE'S feet in a last appeal. He turns from her. BARABBAS

snatches CALCHOL'S sword to defend MARY from the mob, which breaks past the guards, climbs over the balcony, and fills the portico, shouting, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Crucify the Nazarene!"

ACT IV



ACT IV

SCENE:—*Same as Act II. The sky is now overcast with lowering clouds, and all is dark and gloomy. As the curtain rises, heavy thunder is heard, accompanied by vivid lightning. These continue intermittently throughout the act. A woman crosses, back, from right to left, screaming with terror, and is followed by men and women fleeing from Jerusalem. Enter MARCUS, from left, with two soldiers. He stands in the road, watching the fleeing people.*

MARCUS. How now! What frights this mob?
Hath Pilate turned
His war-dogs loose that, like a pack of hares,

It not. Here cometh one in double haste.

It is the hag that screamed out, "Crucify Him!"

[Enter OLD WOMAN from right, hurriedly.]

MARCUS. *[Stops her.]* What dost thou fear?

OLD WOMAN. Delay me not! I dread
The wrath of God.

[Exit OLD WOMAN, left.]

MARCUS. His wrath must needs be slow
An she escape it thus. *[To HEBE.]* Return
with me.

I'll see thee safe.

HEBE. I will go back with thee.
Thou art so brave and strong my fears have
vanished quite.

[Exeunt all, by road right, MARCUS protecting HEBE. Enter PETER, from house.]

PETER. And I denied Him! I denied Him!

[Sits at the table with his head bowed. Enter ZACHARIAS from road, left, hurriedly.]

ZACHARIAS. Peter,

What curse hath come upon the land ?

PETER. I know not,
Nor do I care. These thunders and these light-
nings,
These terrors dread that rage without, are
naught

To me. Within my breast doth beat a storm
That will not down; a raging fire no tears
Can quench. Self-accusation is that storm,
And fierce remorse that flame. Him I denied!

ZACHARIAS. Thou didst deny the Master!

PETER. Yea. Denied Him.
[Rises.] Gaze on a traitor worse by far than he
Who sold Him. I, Simon Bar-jona, strong
In pride and arrogance, did boast my strength.
But He, He knew my weakness. I denied
Him even as He said I should. No more
The rock am I, but shifting sand. No more
On me His gentle eye will rest in love,

For I denied Him, thrice.

ZACHARIAS. Have comfort, Peter;
He will forgive.

PETER. No comfort more for me.
Descend, ye messengers of wrath, and find
My breast! Heap all your terrors on my sinful
head!

[Bares his breast.]

Strike here, ye lightnings fierce, ye bolts of
heaven!

For Peter hath turned traitor to his Lord.

ZACHARIAS. Know'st thou what came of Him?

PETER. Naught do I know
But that I did, with foul revilings, Him
Deny. Disownèd Him, myself forswore,
And fled; fled like the caitiff knave I am,
And left Him to His foes,—alone. *[Kneels.]*

O God,
His Father, forgive me that I did deny

Thy Son. My pride of strength is humbled in
The dust. Thou know'st I love Him. Lord,
grant me

Thy aid, that henceforth I may worthy prove
Of Him.

*[He remains a moment in silent prayer, and
then rises.]*

No more the sword! My strength's in Him
Alone.

*[He breaks his sword and goes into garden.
Enter MARY and MARTHA from road,
right. MARY supports MARTHA, and seats
her.]*

MARY. Art better, Martha? *[Calls.]* Lazarus!

LAZARUS. *[From the house.]* Who calls?

MARY. Bring water. Quick!

[Enter LAZARUS from house, with water.]

MARY gives it to MARTHA.

LAZARUS. What ails thee, sister?

MARTHA. O God, I saw it!

LAZARUS. Saw what?

MARTHA. Saw Him mocked
And scourged; a crown of thorns pressed down
upon
His bleeding brow.

ZACHARIAS. The Master's?

MARTHA. Aye, the Master's.
These eyes beheld Him, faint and weary, bending
Beneath the monstrous cross, urged on by taunts
And cruel blows to blood-stained Calvary.

ZACHARIAS. O, God of Israel, hold Thou Thy
hand
A little while! Visit Thy people not
As they deserve.

MARTHA. They reach the spot and then —

[She stops, overcome with horror at the recollection.]

MARY. They nailed Him to the cross.

MARTHA.

'Twas that I dared

Not see.

MARY. I heard the hammer fall, and felt,—
Aye, felt,—the nails crush thro' His sentient
hands,

Those tender hands that have done naught but
good;

And thro' His feet that nothing brought but
peace

To all the world. I saw the crimson life
Spurt out, then trickle slowly, drop by drop,
From His dear veins, and every drop, weighted
With woe unspeakable, fell on my heart.

The sun grew dark, the firm earth trembled at
That fearful sight. In thunder tones God spoke.
The lightning of His glance brought terror to our
souls,

And thro' it all the Master's voice I heard,
Breathing a prayer for those, His enemies:—

“Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.”

ZACHARIAS. Could love divine do more?

MARY. 'Twas then I found
Thee, Martha, fainting by the way.

MARTHA. And brought
Me home, poor weakling that I am, and thou
So brave and strong.

MARY. I must go back to Him.

MARTHA. Thou canst not help Him now.

MARY. That, who can tell?
If His great love doth touch His Father, high
In heaven, it may be that my lesser love,
All poor and sin-stained tho' it be, can reach
Him on the cross; may find His bleeding heart
And help Him bear its weight of grief and
pain.

[She starts to go.]

LAZARUS. I go with thee.

MARY. Stay here! I go alone.

[Exit MARY, by the road, to right.]

ZACHARIAS. Woe unto thee, Jerusalem! The
hand

Of God is laid on thee. Cruel and fierce

His wrath. Repent, O Israel! Repent,

Ere yet it be too late!

[Enter JUDAS from the house. He takes the money-bag from his breast, and places it on the table. Crash of thunder. JUDAS throws himself on the table, in terror, to protect the money. He recovers himself, cautiously pours the money on the table, takes a piece, examines it, and softly rings it on the table. With a greedy smile he sweeps the money into a heap, and is about to replace it in the bag, when his smile becomes fixed and a look of terror overspreads his face. Hesitatingly, he touches

the money with his fingers, then looks relieved.

JUDAS. [*Hoarsely.*] I thought it blood.

[*Touches the money again, then looks at his fingers. Screams.*

It is blood! The world is red with it. The sky
Rains crimson drops. The earth's a sea of
blood.

I taste it! Breathe it! Drink it! I—

[*Recovers himself. Touches the money again. Looks relieved. Sweeps money into bag.*

They shall take back the accursed stuff. I'll
force

It down the throat of that high priest of hell.

They shall release the Master. Him they shall
Not crucify.

PETER. [*Enters from garden.*] Whom would
they crucify?

JUDAS. The Master. Didst not know? They
all did cry
Out, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" God!
I hear them still.

PETER. [*Seizes* JUDAS.] Thou traitor! 'Tis
thy work!
Thou didst betray Him. [*Releases* JUDAS.] I
am worse than thou,
For I denied Him and deserted Him.

JUDAS. They tempted me, with silver. 'Tis
the price
Of blood and Caiaphas shall take it back.
They shall not crucify Him.

[*Starts to go.*]

MARTHA. Thou'rt too late!
Already He is on the cross.

JUDAS. The cross!

MARTHA. Go, Judas, go, and look upon thy
work!

JUDAS. [*At the gate. Whispers.*] The cross!

The cross! Already on the cross!

[*Thunder and lightning.*] JUDAS *clutches the post in terror, then exit to right, slowly.*

Enter BARABBAS, left.

BARABBAS. Ho, Mary! Art thou here? Hast seen her, Martha?

MARTHA. But now she left here.

BARABBAS. Safe?

MARTHA. In God's hands, safe.

BARABBAS. And well?

MARTHA. Not well. Her heart is lead
with grief

Unspoke; her eyes, with unshed tears.

BARABBAS. Where went she?

MARTHA. To Calvary.

BARABBAS. Again? [*Starts to go.*]

MARTHA. Follow her not;
She'd be alone,

BARABBAS.

Alone, on Calvary!

Well hath she kept her word: "Then to the
cross

I follow Him!" O God, that such a crime
Is done and callèd justice! From this day
forth

Both Rome and Israel be accursed!

[Enter CAIAPHAS and HABAKKUK, on the road from left, followed by scribes and Pharisees.

CAIAPHAS. [*To HABAKKUK.*] 'Tis true.

To-morrow being Passover, to-night
He must be taken from the cross.

HABAKKUK. [*To CAIAPHAS.*] Here dwell
The followers of the Nazarene.

CAIAPHAS. [*To PETER and the others.*]

What think

Ye now? Is He the Son of God?

PETER.

He is

God's Son: that One of whom the prophets
spake.

CAIAPHAS. If so He be, why then doth God
permit
Him to be crucified ?

[Heavy thunder.

PETER. Blaspheming priest,
The voice of God thus answers thee. All nature
Doth protest against thy crime.

CAIAPHAS. My crime!

BARABBAS. Thine!

O Caiaphas!

CAIAPHAS. Barabbas, too, a henchman
Of the Nazarene? Then true it is that He
Works miracles.

BARABBAS. Out on thee for thy mocking!
Hast thou no pity, no remorse? A crime
It is to thus condemn a man, good, gentle,
And innocent, to die the death of infamy.

Mark well my words, O Caiaphas. This day
Shall cause thee many a sleepless night. For
me,

I'll have nor part nor lot in it.

CAIAPHAS.

What will

Barabbas do? Turn Roman?

BARABBAS.

No! Not Roman, but

An Ishmaelite; his hand 'gainst every man —

CAIAPHAS. And all men's hands 'gainst him.

'Tis well to know,

Barabbas. [*To the others.*] He'd destroy the
Temple: now,

He's hanging on the cross. Others He saved,
Himself He cannot save. Mark me, Barabbas;
If yet another sun find thee within
The borders of Jerusalem —

BARABBAS.

What then?

CAIAPHAS. Look to thyself!

BARABBAS.

Thou dotard!

[He starts toward CAIAPHAS. MARTHA stops him.]

PETER.

Caiaphas,

For this, thy work, all Israel must pay.

[Exit CAIAPHAS, right, laughing mockingly, followed by HABAKKUK and the scribes and Pharisees.]

BARABBAS. Where are His followers gone ?

MARTHA.

All fled.

BARABBAS.

The cowards!

To thus desert Him! Is there none will aid:

Me in His rescue? Give me fifty that

Will go with me, I'll save Him.

MARTHA.

Thinkest thou

He needs thy help? If so He willed it He

Could on His Father call, who would send legions

Of angels to deliver Him.

BARABBAS.

Believ'st

Thou, Martha, that He could?

MARTHA.

I do. And thou?

BARABBAS. I know not what to think. Not
yet am I

Prepared to hail Him as Messias. But
There is a something in the very air
Proclaims Him more than man.

[Enter JUDAS from the road, right.]

JUDAS.

He would not take

The cursed silver back, and laughed at me.
I hurled it in his face.

[Lightning and heavy thunder. JUDAS, terror-stricken, throws himself on his knees.]

Not yet, O God!

Not yet! Spare me a little while! I am
Not fit to die! *[Pauses.]* See! Demons! Demons all

Around me! They drove me to Gethsemane!

[Recognizes PETER and the others. Goes to each, in turn, fawningly.]



"I Am Not Fit to Die"

'Tis Peter,—Martha, and— Look! See them
there!

They've emptied hell to follow me! Save me!

[*Clings to BARABBAS.*

BARABBAS. [*Throws him off.*] Away, thou
spawn of Beelzebub! Touch not

My garment's hem, thou thing unspeakable!

Thou traitor! Judas! Synonym of all

That's base! Wherever treachery stains the
name

Of friend, and man makes barter of the one

That loves him, there let thy name give title to

The act, and in that word all time shall speak

Thy epitaph; thou *Judas*!

JUDAS. . That's my name,—

'Tis Judas. I sold Him,—for thirty pieces

Of silver; round, bright, shining silver. No!

'Twas blood! 'Twas thirty drops of crimson
blood! [*Screams.*

They cheated me! They robbed me of the price
And gave me blood. But I had my revenge.

Into the face of scornful Caiaphas,

I hurled th' accursed stuff. Look! There he is!

Dost see the blood? Mark how it trickles down

His long, gray beard and stains his spotless robe.

'Tis retribution! [*Triumphantly.*] There's no

Passover

For Caiaphas to-morrow! No feast for him!

He is defiled! Unclean as Judas is!

MARTHA. 'Tis terrible! Take him away!

PETER. [*To* JUDAS.] Come thou

With me.

[*JUDAS stares at him blankly.*]

PETER. Dost thou not know me? I am

Peter.

JUDAS. Thou liest! Thou art Beelzebub, the
prince

Of darkness. I know thee for all thy beard.

Thou'rt come to take my soul. But Judas hath
No soul. 'Tis dead! Dead! Dead! The soul
of Judas is

No more. Since time began, no soul hath died,
And till eternity shall end, no soul

Shall die, save that of Judas. My soul is not
For thee, my prince of devils. For my body,

[Laughs a maniac's laugh.

This body that once held a soul, thou'rt wel-
come

To't, Beelzebub. I'll give it thee! 'Tis thine!

Thou'rt welcome to 't.

*[Takes off his rope girdle and goes toward
the garden. Laughs triumphantly. Stops
suddenly, with a warning Sh-h-h.]* It is

the Master's voice

I hear:—"One of you shall betray Me." I

Betrayed Him; sold Him for thirty drops of
blood.

And Judas' soul is dead. [*Triumphantly.*] I

come, Beelzebub,

I come! My body thou canst have but not

My soul. My soul is dead! [*Laughs.*] I come,

Beelzebub!

I come, I come!

[*Exit* JUDAS *into garden, waving girdle.*

BARABBAS. Poor fool, his soul is dead.

[*JUDAS, in garden, screams loudly.*

PETER. [*Calls off into garden.*] Ho, Judas!

[*Points off.*] See! Judas hath hanged himself!

MARTHA. Horror on horror's heaped, this awful day!

[*Enter* JOHN *by road, from left.*

JOHN. The Temple veil is rent in twain!

ALL The veil!

JOHN. Strange signs and fearful portents fill the sky:

Above the Temple rests a flaming sword;
 The altar fires are dead; the veil is torn
 From top to bottom by some unseen hand,
 And all the sacred place within exposed.

ZACHARIAS. It is the hand of God who thus
 proclaims

His covenant with Israel at an end.
 No more His chosen ones are we.

[Enter MARY by road, from right.]

MARY. O day
 Of doom, O fearful day!

[All greet her with exclamations of astonishment.]

MARY. The solid earth
 Doth labor; from her rocky womb come
 forth
 The sheeted dead, all wrapped in ghostly cere-
 ments.

Like Rachel for her children lost they mourn;

With bony hands they beat upon their hollow
breasts,

And make such hideous cries as fill the souls
Of men with terror.

*[Thunder, lightning, wailing and ghostly
cries. BARABBAS starts to go.]*

MARY. Whither goest thou ?

BARABBAS. The Nazarene once called me
friend. I go

To rescue Him, or die.

PETER. And I with thee.

MARY. Too late! Ye are too late! The end
is near:

The end ordained from the first by God,
His Father. His face, His beauteous face, I see;
The wing of death's dread messenger doth
shadow it.

Upon His heaving breast His head droops low,
And from His parted lips escapes a sigh.—

Ah, God, that He should thus endure for us! —
I hear His voice, and oh, the loneliness
And dread it speaks: “Eloi, Eloi, Lama
Sabachthani!” My God, my God, why hast Thou
Forsaken Me?

PETER. And I denied Him and
Deserted Him.

ALL. O day of doom! O fearful day!

MARY. His task is done. His Father calls
Him home.

With one world-piercing cry, His great white soul
Leaps to the heart of God. And it is finished.

*[Lightning, heavy thunder, and earthquake
shock. Wailing and ghostly cries. Spec-
tral forms seen flitting in the gloom. All
characters kneel except BARABBAS. The
building in the middle distance falls and
shows, in silhouette against the lurid sky,
three crosses.]*

ACT V

ACT V

SCENE:—*The Garden of Joseph of Arimathea—*

a level spot on the crest of a rocky hill, with flowers and trees in profusion, partly wild and partly cultivated. On the right a path leads to the tomb of Christ; further back another path winds over the brow of the hill toward Jerusalem. On the left is caught a glimpse of a tent, before which a campfire smolders. In the distance, crowning another hill, the city itself may be dimly seen through the gray light. The time is just before sunrise on Easter morning. MARY is discovered seated, leaning against a sloping rock. MARCUS stands watching her, and soldiers are posted at various points.

CALCHOL. [*Enters, left.*] How goes the night?

MARCUS. All well. She sleeps.

CALCHOL. [*Approaches MARY.*] Well may she sleep. A lonely vigil hath
Been hers. Two nights, from sun to sun, she
has watched,

With tears, yon tomb where lies the Nazarene.
Her robe is heavy with the dew of night.

[*MARY shivers and sighs.*

The wind of dawn blows chill upon her.

MARCUS. I'll
Wake her.

CALCHOL. Nay. Let her rest.

[*Gently covers MARY with his cloak.*

The sun will soon
Be up; then will she wake.

MARCUS. And I'll to sleep.
We'll be released at sunrise, praise the gods!

The eagles have I followed now for twice
Four years, but never yet have seen a watch
Kept o'er a dead man's grave.

CALCHOL. 'Tis Pilate's orders.

MARCUS. 'Twas that long-bearded Jew, called
Caiaphas,

Did set him on. Old fool! To think a man
That's three days dead can live again!

CALCHOL. He thinks

It not: he fears it.

MARCUS. Fear or think, 'tis all

The same to me. I know I'm here on watch
Who might be in my bed. Why should they
fear?

The Nazarene is dead.

CALCHOL. Aye, dead He is,

As well I know who saw Him die.

MARCUS. Suppose

That by some art He should come back to life.

There's no escape for Him. Safe prisonèd
In yonder tomb, all swathed in death-clothes,
He

Could not cry out, much less arise. The stone
That guards the grave can scarce be moved, and
not

At all by Him.

CALCHOL. Marcus, I feel there is
Some magic in the Man. 'Tis said He brought
Back others from that unseen world beyond
The grave. Who knows but He can bring Him-
self?

[A Jew appears, right.]

What's that?

MARCUS. What ails thee, man? 'Tis but a
Jew,
A watcher on the watchers set. The Priest
Comes here himself at times; inspects the seal
He placed upon the tomb, and bids us keep

W. H. L.

A closer guard. [*To Jew.*] Out, Jew!

[*Exit Jew.*]

MARY. [*Awakes, startled.*] O faithless me!
I slept, and dreamed His enemies had stolen
The body of my Lord. But, no! The stone
Is there, safe-sealed as when I saw it last.
What cloak is this?

CALCHOL. 'Tis mine. I thought per-
chance —

MARY. I might be cold. And 'tis to thee I
owe
My safety here. Thou art a gentle Roman.
I thank thee.

[*Gives the cloak to CALCHOL.*]

CALCHOL. 'Tis but little I have done.

MARY. To thee 'tis little; much to me. To
let
Me watch beside the grave of my dear Lord,
Dead now to all the world and me.

CALCHOL.

To die

Is but the common fate.

MARY.

But not to die

His death. Our sorrows and our griefs He bore ;

Sinless He was and suffered for our guilt.

And never shall we look upon His face

Again ; that face so patient in its love,

So godlike in its glory.

CALCHOL.

He was thy friend ?

MARY. He was the Friend of all the world.

To me

Much more than friend,—my Saviour. Out of
the depths

He lifted me and set my soul on high.

Scarlet with sin I was, and at His word

My sins were washed away.

CALCHOL.

I understand

Thee not. But this I know, rough soldier
though

I am, thy soul is pure.

MARY. Rough soldier though

Thou be, thou hast a gentle heart. For all

Thy kindness, thanks again. Farewell. [*Goes left.*] Wilt thou

Another favor grant?

CALCHOL. If in my power.

Speak on.

MARY. Ere long I shall return and with
Me others who did love Him. We'd anoint
His body ere it be too late. We could
Not yesterday; it was the Sabbath. May
We enter then the tomb?

CALCHOL. Our watch ends when
The sun appears. Till then, ye may not enter.
After,—do what ye will.

[*Exit MARY.*]

MARCUS. Whom will they get
To roll away the stone? Four sturdy Jews

It took to place it there.

CALCHOL. 'Tis no affair
Of thine or mine. Our watch ends with the
night.

[*Enter CAIAPHAS and HABAKKUK, right.*

Who's there?

CAIAPHAS. 'Tis Caiaphas. Dost keep close
ward?

CALCHOL. Being a soldier, and on guard, I do.

CAIAPHAS. [*Apart.*] Mark that, Habakkuk.
The wolf's brood snarls at touch.

[*To CALCHOL.*] No imputation on thy soldiery,
My friend. I know thou'rt honest, but I fear
The followers of this Nazarene may play
Some trick on thee. They're cunning. Watch
them well.

Hast heard no sound?

CALCHOL. From whence?

CAIAPHAS. From out the tomb.

CALCHOL. Nay. I've heard none.

CAIAPHAS. Ah!

[Exit CAIAPHAS, right, to tomb.]

CALCHOL. Marcus, what said I?

Fear haunts his soul. He dreads he knows not
what.

'Tis in the air to-night.

[CALCHOL and MARCUS retire, left. Re-enter

CAIAPHAS. HABAKKUK joins him.]

CAIAPHAS. Fast bind, fast find.

The stone's untouched, the seal's intact, and
silence reigns

Within the tomb.

HABAKKUK. There's naught to fear.

CAIAPHAS. There's naught

To fear! Who knows? Three days He said—
three days—

And dawn is near. Last night I dreamed a
dream

That strangely troubled me. Methought I saw
The throne of God and round it gathered
Abraham, Isaac, David, and Solomon,
With all th' elect of Israel, and on
The right hand sat this Nazarene, while all
Bowed down and worshipped Him. What if I
should

Be wrong. If He should be Messias. Ah!
The day will tell and dawn will soon be here.
[To CALCHOL.] Good soldier, keep good watch.

Let none approach
The tomb. I will return anon.

[*Exeunt CAIAPHAS and HABAKKUK, left.*]

CALCHOL. He hath
The sin of murder on his soul and 'twill
Not down.

[*Enter ZACHARIAS, left.*]

MARCUS. Who'rt thou?

ZACHARIAS. A poor old man

MARCUS. What dost
Thou here ?

ZACHARIAS. My little maid is sick.

MARCUS. Thy maid
Is naught to me. Away!

ZACHARIAS. I ask no alms.
I do but seek to touch the stone; to kneel
And pray before the grave wherein He lies.

MARCUS. [*To CALCHOL.*] A follower of the
Nazarene. [*To ZACHARIAS.*] Some trick
Thou'dst play. Begone before I—

[Motions to strike ZACHARIAS.]

CALCHOL. Marcus, hold!
Here is no cause for dread. [*To ZACHARIAS.*]

Why wouldst thou kneel
And pray before yon tomb ?

ZACHARIAS. My little maid
Is sick, nigh unto death. And she is all
I have: my one ewe lamb. Could I but touch

CALCHOL. Picenum, Marcus, holds a cot
Nestling in vineyards, where the morning sun
First strikes. There dwells a maid who calls me
father.

[A look of understanding passes between them.]

MARCUS. But then, if Caiaphas should come ?

CALCHOL.

No harm

Is done. See, there he kneels and prays. Who
knows

What good may come of such a prayer. Once
more

I tell thee, friend, there is some magic in

Yon Nazarene, dead though He be and laid

Within the tomb.

ZACHARIAS. *[Re-enters.]* Good sir, an old
man's blessing

On thee and all thou lov'st.

CALCHOL.

Believ'st thy maid

Will live ?

ZACHARIAS. My faith doth teach she will not
die.

[Exit ZACHARIAS, left.]

Came forth ?

MARCUS. A fearful day.

CALCHOL. Would such things be
If He were of but common clay, like thee
And me ?

MARCUS. I know not what to think. I would
The day were here.

CALCHOL. I drove the spear into
His side. 'Twas kindly meant, but then—if He
Should prove a god? The dawn is long in com-
ing.

All nature pauses, eager,—expectant.
There is an ominous quiet in the air;
The listening earth scarce breathes: as tho' both
earth
And air did wait as waits a man—with bated
breath

And ear alert, straining into the night—
The coming of an unseen foe.

MARCUS.

Or as

A new-made bride, with pulses stilled, who
dreads

Yet hopes, the coming of the groom.

CALCHOL.

What noise

Was that? The wind?

MARCUS.

Naught did I hear.

CALCHOL.

Methought

I heard a rushing as of wings; as though

A thousand eagles beat the air. And see!

What light is that? 'Tis not the dawn! Ah
God!

*[Opalescent lights stream from the sky,
followed by the rumble of a moving rock.
Then a brilliant white light flashes from
the tomb. All of the soldiers fall on their
faces. Enter MARY, MARTHA, and WOMAN
from left.]*

MARY. There is the rocky casket that doth hold

The fairest jewel that was e'er encased :

The body of my Lord and Saviour;

And all my heart lies buried there with Him.

These costliest spices that we bring, spikenard

And myrrh and frankincense, to anoint His corse,

Are all too poor for their rich offices.

If only that my life could pay for His!

If only that my love could bring Him back !

MARTHA. Our Lord is dead, and all thy tears

and all

Thy love will naught avail to bring Him back

Again.

MARY. Alas, 'tis true! Here will I live

And die. This holy spot shall be my care,

Daily to tend, and nightly watch. My sighs

Shall serve as heaven's own airs: my tears, its

dew.

Around His grave all beauteous flowers shall

grow;

Sweet-voicèd birds shall come at morn and even-
tide

And sing their songs, making such music sad
The sun shall stop to hear, and all the stars
Shall veil their eyes for grief, and all the spheres
Shall voiceless be and dumb, singing no more
Their praises unto God.

[*Enter CAIAPHAS and HABAKKUK, left.*

CAIAPHAS. Whom have we here ?

Disciples of the Nazarene ? [*To the prostrate
soldiers.*] "We're soldiers and on duty."

So!

'Tis thus ye keep your guard. Rouse! Rouse!

Ye dogs

Of Rome! Dogs, did I say ? Nay! Dogs at
least

Will watch. These men sleep not, they die.

Awake!

Put off this leaden slumber. Pilate shall

Learn of this. Calchol, wake!

MARTHA. [*To MARY.*] The soldiers sleep.
Whom shall we get to roll away the stone?

MARY. [*Looks off, right.*] The stone is rolled
away. The tomb's black mouth
Gapes wide, and all the yawning void within
Calls, eloquent of some base treachery.

[*Exit MARY to tomb.*]

MARTHA. Who can have done this thing?

MARY. [*Re-enters.*] 'Tis gone! 'Tis gone!
His precious body's gone.

[*CAIAPHAS has succeeded in rousing CALCHOL
and MARCUS. He hears MARY's cry.*]

CAIAPHAS. What do ye here?
Depart.

MARY. They've ta'en away my Lord.

CAIAPHAS. Have ta'en
Away thy Lord! What meanest thou?

MARY. His body's gone.

The stone is rolled away.

CAIAPHAS. The stone! Away!

[Looks off, right.]

A fraud! A trick! *[To CALCHOL.]* Thy life
 shall pay for this,

Thou sluggard, thou — Oh!

CALCHOL. *[Still dazed.]* How now, Caiaphas?

CAIAPHAS. His body's stol'n while thou layest there asleep.

CALCHOL. Nay. I slept not.

CAIAPHAS. O God of Abraham,
He did not sleep! Did I not find thee here,
Stretched prone upon the ground? Thou and
 thy crew?

The while the followers of the Nazarene
Have come and ta'en away His corse.

MARY. Believe
Me, Caiaphas, we have not done this thing.

CAIAPHAS. 'Tis false. Get ye away from here.

[MARY, MARTHA, *and* WOMAN *retire.*

CAIAPHAS. For thee —

CALCHOL. [*Stops* CAIAPHAS *with a gesture.*]

What happened, Marcus ?

MARCUS. I know not. I saw

A light and then —

CALCHOL. A light! Ah, now I know.

Wide swung the gates of heaven and glowed the
glory

Of a thousand dawns. I heard a rush of wings.

Down swept a god, all flaming radiance like

A falling star. The portals of the tomb

He touched; the massy stone rolled back; forth
stepped

The Nazarene and round Him shone a splendor
that

Did make the whole earth bright. And then, I
knew

No more.

CAIAPHAS. A splendor that did make the whole
Earth bright. God of my fathers, am I wrong?
Is He Messiah? [*To CALCHOL.*] Thou wast asleep
and this

A dream.

CALCHOL. Is it a dream that yonder stone's
Rolled back; that He is gone? What mine eyes
saw

They saw. Old priest, what thou didst dread is
true.

Ye Jews did crucify your God.

CAIAPHAS.

Our God!

Thou fool! Son of a carpenter was He;
Despised of men; by all rejected. Had He
Been God would He have died upon the cross?
I will to Pilate; say ye slept. And while
Ye slept the body of the Nazarene
Was stol'n. And if thou darest repeat thy tale

Of gods, and dawns, and such-like foolishness,
Thy life shall be the forfeit. Mark me well!

Thy life! [*Whispers.*] But oh, Habakkuk, I do
fear

'Tis true.

[*Exeunt CAIAPHAS and HABAKKUK, left.*

MARY. [*To MARCUS.*] O sir, if ye have borne
Him hence,

Tell me, I pray, what ye have done with Him.

MARCUS. We nothing know of Him. Get ye
away!

You and your Nazarene will cost us dear.

[*CALCHOL and MARCUS retire.*

MARY. Oh, let me look once more upon the place
Where His dear body lay. Oh, let me press
My trembling lips upon that sacred spot;
Let me again bedew it with my tears.

[*Goes right. Brilliant light appears from
the tomb. MARY stands, transfixed.*

ANGEL. [*From tomb.*] Fear not. Why seek
ye here among the dead

For Him that lives ?

MARY. For Him that lives!

ANGEL. Thy Lord!

He that was crucified is here no more.

He that was dead is now alive again.

Thy Lord is risen!

MARY. Risen! From the dead !

'Tis true! 'Tis true! [*To MARTHA.*] Behold!

Within the tomb

An angel stands, who brings the tidings glad

That Christ is risen.

[*Light disappears.*]

Martha, wait here. I

To the city go to spread the glorious news.

[*Exit MARY, left. Enter BARABBAS, right.*]

BARABBAS. Is Mary here?

MARTHA. She's to the city gone

To spread the news that Christ is risen.

BARABBAS.

From

The dead ?

MARTHA. See there the empty tomb.

JOHN. [*Enters, left, running.*] Is't true ?

MARTHA. 'Tis true. Behold!

[*JOHN goes right and looks off. Enter PETER, left, running.*

PETER. Thy younger feet outstripped

Me, John. Where was He laid ?

JOHN. In there

PETER. [*Runs off, to the tomb.*] 'Tis true!

The joyful news is true! Here are the cerements
In which He was encased—the cloths that bound
Him.

[*Re-enters.*] To God the praise, that Christ the
Lord is risen.

BARABBAS. Thou art on guard, Calchol. What
sayest thou ?

CALCHOL. I say, Barabbas, if this Nazarene
Be Christ, then of a truth the Christ is risen.
This I believe and will maintain with sword
And life.

MARY. [*Enters, left.*] Oh, I have seen Him.
These mine eyes
Have gazed upon His face, more glorious than
The morning star. Mine ears have heard again
The music of His voice.

BARABBAS. Hast thou in truth
Beheld the Nazarene?

MARY. In very truth.
And, O Barabbas, if thou couldst believe.

BARABBAS. I do believe. No longer Nazarene,
But Christ, Messiah, now I hail Him. Mary,
For thee and me there is no other love,
No other life, but in His service.

MARY. Jesu,
To Thee the praise! My cup of joy brims o'er.



THE FIRST EASTER SONG



And Peter, He sent word to thee.

PETER. To me?

MARY. To thee especially, and all the rest,
To meet Him soon in Galilee.

PETER. God grant
Me strength to follow Him. This time, if need
Be, to the death.

ZACHARIAS. [*Enters, left.*] My little maid is
well!

ALL. And Christ is risen!

[*The sun rises, and lights the scene, touching
first the gold-topped temple.*]

MARY. As yonder sun, with his
Far-reaching rays, doth lance the pathless and
Illimitable air, so shall our Sun
Of Righteousness burn through the world and, like
Some golden-pinioned messenger of joy,
Scatt'ring the darkness with his balmy plumes
Bring light to all mankind. O ambient skies

That veiled your azure when He bled; ye elements

That voiced your terrors when He died; O earth

That held His corse; ye heavens to which His soul

Took flight, and all ye radiant hosts of God,

Rejoice! Pæan on pæan sing. The light

Of life hath pierced the dark of doom and love

Hath conquered death, for Christ our Lord is risen.